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A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XIII.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THIS important decision, when at last finally settled, necessitated other steps more embarrassing and difficult than anything that could be discussed in the ilex avenue. Even Sora Antonia's protection ceased to be altogether satisfactory to the suddenly-awakened mind of Alice, who at the same time was so unaccustomed to think or act for herself that she knew not what to do in the emergency. If Colin had been the kind of man who would have decided for her at once, and indicated what he thought she ought to do, Alice was the kind of woman to act steadily and bravely upon the indication. But, unfortunately, Colin did not understand how to dictate to a woman, having known most intimately of all womankind his mother, who was treated after an altogether different fashion; and Lauderdale, though sufficiently aware of the embarrassing nature of their position, belonged, notwithstanding his natural refinement, to a class which sets no great store upon punctilio. Now that everything was settled between the "young folk," Alice's unprotected state did not distress him so much as formerly. The marriage, which must take place immediately, was already in his eye a sufficient shelter for the solitary girl; and the indecorum of the whole business no longer occurred to him. As for Colin, he, as was natural, regarded with a certain excitement the strange step he was about to take, not

knowing what anybody would think of it, nor how he was to live with his bride, nor what influence an act so unsuitable to his circumstances would have upon his prospects and position. It was of a piece with the rashness and visionary character of the whole transaction, that Alice's money, which she had herself recurred to as "enough to live upon," never entered into the calculations of the young man who was going to marry on the Snell scholarship, without being at all convinced in his own mind that the Snell scholarship could be held by a married man. A married man!—the title had an absurd sound as applied to himself, even in his own ears. He was just over one-and-twenty, and had not a penny in the world. But these considerations, after all, had not half so much effect upon him as the thought of his mother's grave countenance when she should read his next letter, and the displeasure of his father, who perhaps already regarded with a not altogether satisfied eye the spectacle of a son of his gone abroad for his health. If Colin could but have made sure of the nature of the reception he was likely to have at Ramore, prudential considerations of any other character would have had but a momentary weight; but at present, amid his other perplexities, the young man felt a certain boyish confusion at the thought of asking his mother to receive and recognise his wife. However, the important letter had been written, and was on its way, and he

could only hope that his previous letters had prepared the household for that startling intimation. Apart from Rammore, the matter had a less serious aspect; for Colin, who had been poor all his life, no more believed in poverty than if he had been a prince, and had a certain instinctive certainty of getting what he wanted, which belonged to his youth. Besides, he was not a poor gentleman, hampered, and helpless, but knew, at the worst, that he could always work for his wife. At the same time, in the midst of all the seriousness of the position—of his tender affection for Alice, and reverence for her helplessness, and even of that inexpressible blank and sense of disappointment in his heart which even his affection could not quite neutralize,—a curious sense of humour, and feeling that the whole matter was a kind of practical joke on a grand scale, intruded into Colin's ideas from time to time, and made him laugh, and then made him furious with himself; for Alice, to be sure, saw no joke in the matter. She was, indeed, altogether wanting in the sense of humour, if even her grief would have permitted her to exercise it, and was sufficiently occupied by the real difficulties of her position, secluding herself in Sora Antonia's apartments, and wavering in an agony of timidity and uncertainty over the idea of leaving that kind protector and going somewhere else, even though among strangers, in order to obey the necessary proprieties. She had not a soul to consult about what she should do except Sora Antonia herself and Lauderdale, neither of whom now thought it necessary to suggest a removal on the part of either of the young people; and though thoughts of going into Rome, and finding somebody who would give her shelter for a week or two till Colin's arrangements were complete, hovered in the mind of Alice, she had no courage to carry out such an idea, being still in her first grief, poor child, although this new excitement had entered into her life.

As for Colin, affairs went much less easily with him when he betook himself to the English clergyman to ask his

services. The inquiries instituted by this new judge were of a kind altogether unforeseen by the thoughtless young man. To be sure, a mourning sister is not usually married a few weeks after her brother's death, and the questioner was justified in thinking the circumstance strange. Nor was it at all difficult to elicit from Colin a story which, viewed by suspicious and ignorant eyes, threw quite a different colour on the business. The young lady was the daughter of Mr. Meredith of Maltby, as the clergyman, who had laid Arthur in his grave, was already aware. She was young, under age, and her father had not been consulted about her proposed marriage; and she was at present entirely in the hands and under the influence of the young Scotchman, who, though his manners were considered irreproachable by Miss Matty Frankland, who was a critic in manners, still lacked certain particulars in his general demeanour by which the higher class of Englishmen are distinguished. He was more interested, more transparent, more expressive than he would probably have been had he been entirely Alice's equal; and he was slightly wanting in calmness and that soft haze of impertinence which sets off good breeding—in short, he had not the full ring of the genuine metal; and a man who lived in Rome, and was used to stories of adventurers and interested marriages, not unnaturally jumped at the conclusion that Colin (being a Scotchman beside, and consequently the impersonation, save the mark! of money-getting) was bent upon securing to himself the poor little girl's fortune. Before the cross-examination was done Colin began somehow to feel himself a suspicious character; for it is astonishing what an effect there is in that bland look of superior penetration and air of seeing through a subject, however aware the person under examination may be that his judge knows nothing about it. Then the investigator turned the discussion upon pecuniary matters, which after all was the branch of examination for which Colin was least prepared.

"Miss Meredith has some fortune, I presume?" he said. "Is it at her own disposal? for on this, as well as on other matters, it appears to me absolutely necessary that her father should be consulted."

"I have already told you that her father has been consulted," said Colin, with a little vexation, "and you have seen the answer to my friend's letter. I have not the least idea what her fortune is, or if she has any. Yes, I recollect she said she had enough to live upon; but it did not occur to me to make any inquiries on the subject," said the young man; which more than ever confirmed his questioner that this was not a member of the higher class with whom he had to deal.

"And you?" he said. "Your friends are aware, I presume—and your means are sufficient to maintain——"

"I," said Colin, who with difficulty restrained a smile, "I have not very much; but I am quite able to work for my wife. It seems to me, however, that this examination is more than I bargained for. If Miss Meredith is satisfied on these points, that is surely enough—seeing, unfortunately, that she has no one to stand by her——"

"I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, "it is the duty of my office to stand by her. I do not see that I can carry out your wishes—certainly not without having a conversation with the young lady. I cannot say that I feel satisfied;—not that I blame you, of course,—but you are a very young man, and your feelings, you know, being involved. However, my wife and myself will see Miss Meredith, and you can call on me again."

"Very well," said Colin, getting up; and then, after making a step or two to the door, he returned. "I am anxious to have everything concluded the earliest possible moment," he said. "Pray do not lose any time. She is very solitary, and has no proper protector," Colin continued, with an ingenuous flush on his face. He looked so young, so honest, and earnest, that even experience was shaken for the moment by the sight of Truth. But

then it is the business of experience to fence off Truth, and defy the impressions of Nature,—and so the representative of authority, though shaken for a moment, did not give in.

"By the bye, I fear I did not understand you," he said. "You are not living in the same house? Considering all the circumstances, I cannot think that proper. Either she should find another home, or you should leave the house,—any gentleman would have thought of that," said the priest severely, perhaps by way of indemnifying himself for the passing sentiment of kindness which had moved him. Colin's face grew crimson at these words. The idea flashed upon himself for the first time, and filled him with shame and confusion; but the young man had so far attained that perfection of good breeding which is only developed by contact with men, that the reproach, which was just, did not irritate him,—a fact which once more made the clergyman waver in his opinion.

"It is very true," said Colin, confused, yet impulsive; "though I am ashamed to say I never thought of it before. We have all been so much occupied with poor Arthur. But what you say is perfectly just, and I am obliged to you for the suggestion. I shall take rooms in Rome to-night."

Upon which the two parted with more amity than could have been expected, for Colin's clerical judge was pleased to have his advice taken so readily, as was natural, and began to incline towards the opinion that a young man who did not resent the imputation of having failed in a point which "any gentleman would have thought of," but confessed without hesitation that it had not occurred to him, could be nothing less than a gentleman. Notwithstanding, the first step taken by this sensible and experienced man was to write a letter by that day's post to Mr. Meredith of Maltby, informing him of the application Colin had just made. He knew nothing against the young man, the reverend gentleman was good enough to say,—he was very young and well-looking, and had a good expression, and

might be an unexceptionable connexion; but still, without her father's consent, Mr. Meredith might rest assured *he* would take no steps in the business. When he had written this letter, the clergyman summoned his wife and took the trouble of going out to Frascati to see Alice, which he would not have done had he not been a just and kind man; while at the same time his heart was relenting to Colin, whom the clerical couple met in the street, and who took off his hat when he encountered them, without the least shadow of resentment. It is so long since all this happened that the name of the clergyman thus temporarily occupying the place of the chaplain at Rome has escaped recollection, and Colin's historian has no desire to coin names or confuse identities. The gentleman in question was, it is supposed, an English rector taking his holiday. He went out to Frascati, like an honourable and just person as he was, to see what the solitary girl was about, thus left to the chances of the world, and found Alice in the great *salone* in her black dress, under charge of Sora Antonia, who sat with her white handkerchief on her ample shoulders, twirling her spindle, and spinning along with her thread many a tale of chequered human existence, for the amusement of her charge; who, however, for the first time in her life, had begun to be unconscious of what was said to her, and to spend her days in strains of reverie all unusual to Alice—mingled dreams and intentions, dim pictures of the life that was to be, and purposes which were to be carried out therein. Sora Antonia's stories, which required no answer, were very congenial to Alice's state of mind; and now and then a word from the narrative fell into and gave a new direction to her thoughts. From all this she woke up with a little start when the English visitors entered, and it was with difficulty she restrained the tears which came in a choking flood when she recognised the clergyman. He had seen Arthur repeatedly during his illness and had given him the sacrament, and laid him in his grave, and all the associations

connected with him were too much for her, although after Arthur's death the good man had forgotten the poor little mourning sister. When she recovered, however, Alice was much more able to cope with her reverend questioner than Colin had been—perhaps because she was a woman, perhaps because she had more of the ease of society, perhaps because in this matter at least her own feelings were more profound and unmixed than those of her young *fiancé*. She composed herself with an effort when he introduced the object of his visit, recognising the necessity of explanation, and ready to give all that was in her power.

"No; papa does not know," said Alice, "but it is because he has taken no charge of me—he has left me to myself. I should not have minded so much if you had been of our county, for then you would have understood; but you are a clergyman, and Mrs. —"

"I am a clergyman's wife," the lady said, kindly; "anything you say will be sacred to me."

"Ah," said Alice, with a little impatient sigh; and she could not help looking at the door, and longing for Colin, who was coming no more, though she did not know that; for the girl, though she was not clever, had a perception within her, such as never would have come to Colin, that, notwithstanding this solemn assurance, the fact that her visitor was a clergyman's wife would not prevent her story from oozing out into the common current of English talk in Rome;—but, notwithstanding, Alice, whose ideas of her duty to the world were very clear, knew that the story must be told. She went on accordingly very steadily, though with thrills and flushes of colour coming and going—and the chances are that Colin's ideal woman, could she have been placed in the same position, would not have acquitted herself half so well.

"It will be necessary to tell you everything from the beginning, or you will not understand it," said Alice. "Papa did not do exactly as Arthur

thought right in some things, and, though I did not think myself a judge, I—I took Arthur's side a little; and then Mrs. Meredith came to Maltby suddenly with the children. It was a great surprise to us, for we did not know till that moment that papa had married again. I would rather not say anything about Mrs. Meredith," said Alice, showing a little agitation, "but Arthur did not think she was a person whom I could stay with; and, when he had to leave himself, he brought me with him. Indeed, I wanted very much to come. I could not bear that he should go away by himself; and I should have died had I been left there with papa, and everything so changed. I wrote after we left, but papa would not answer my letter, nor take any notice of us. I am very sorry, but I cannot help it. That is all. I suppose you heard of Mrs. Meredith's letter to Mr. Lauderdale. My aunt is in India; so I could not go to her—and all the rest are dead; that is why I have stayed here."

"It is very sad to think you should be so lonely," said the clergyman, "and it is a very trying position for one so young. Still there are families in Rome that would have received you; and I think, my dear Miss Meredith—you must not suppose me harsh; it is only your good I am thinking of—I think you should yourself have communicated with your father."

"I wrote to Aunt Mary," said Alice. "I told her everything. I thought she would be sure to advise me for the best. But papa would not answer the letter I wrote him after we left home, and he refuses to have anything to do with me in Mr. Lauderdale's letter. I do not understand what I can do more."

"But you have not waited to be advised," said the English priest, whose wife had taken the poor little culprit's hand, and was whispering to her, "Compose yourself, my dear," and "We are your friends," and "Mr. — only means it for your good," with other such scraps of consolation. Alice scarcely needed the first exhortation, having, in a large degree, that steady power of self-control

which is one of the most valuable endowments in the world. "You have not waited for your aunt's advice," continued the clergyman. "Indeed, I confess it is very hard to blame you; but still it is a very serious step to take, and one that a young creature like you should not venture upon without the advice of her friends. Mr. Campbell also is very young, and you cannot have known each other very long."

"All the winter," said Alice, with a faint colour, for affairs were too serious for ordinary blushing; "at least all the spring, ever since we left England. And it has not been common knowing," she added, with a deepening flush. "He and Mr. Lauderdale were like brothers to Arthur—they nursed him night and day; they nursed him better than I did," said the poor sister, bursting forth into natural tears. "The people we have known all our lives were never so good to us. He said at the very last that they were to take care of me; and they have taken care of me," said Alice, among her sobs, raised for a moment beyond herself by her sense of the chivalrous guardianship which had surrounded her, "as if I had been a queen."

"My dear child, lean upon me," said the lady sitting by; "don't be afraid of us; don't mind crying, it will be a relief to you. Mr. — only means it for your good; he does not intend to vex you, dear."

"Certainly not, certainly not," said the clergyman, taking a little walk to the window, as men do in perplexity; and then he came back and drew his seat closer, as Alice regained the mastery over herself. "My dear young lady, have confidence in me. Am I to understand that it is from gratitude you have made up your mind to accept Mr. Campbell? Don't hesitate. I beg of you to let me know the truth."

The downcast face of Alice grew crimson suddenly to the hair; and then she lifted her eyes, not to the man who was questioning her, but to the woman who sat beside her. Those eyes were full of indignant complaint and appeal. "Can you, a woman, stand by and see

the heart of another woman searched for its secret?" That was the utterance of Alice's look; and she made no further answer, but turned her head partly away, with an offended pride which sat strangely and yet not unbecomingly upon her. The change was so marked that the reverend questioner got up from his chair again almost as confused as Alice, and his wife, instinctively replying to the appeal made to her, took the matter into her own hands.

"If you will wait for me below, George, I will join you by-and-by," said this good woman. "Men must not spy into women's secrets." And "I have daughters of my own," she added softly in Alice's ear. Let us thank heaven that, though the number of those be few who are able or disposed to do great things for their fellows, the number is many who are ready to respond to the calls for sympathy at the moment, and own the universal kindred. It was not an everlasting friendship that these two English women, left alone in the bare Italian chamber, formed for each other. The one who was a mother did not receive the orphan permanently into her breast, neither did the girl find a parent in her new friend. Yet for the moment nature found relief for itself; they were mother and child, though strangers to each other. The elder woman heard with tears, and sympathy, and comprehension, the other's interrupted tale, and gave her the kiss which in its way was more precious than a lover's. "You have done nothing wrong, my poor child," the pitying woman said, affording an absolution more valuable than any priest's to the girl's female soul; and as she spoke there passed momentarily through the mind of the visitor a rapid, troubled enumeration of the rooms in her "apartment," which involved the possibility of carrying this friendless creature home with her. But that idea was found impracticable almost as soon as conceived. "I wish I could take you home with me, my dear," the good woman said, with a sigh; "but our rooms are so small; but I will talk

it all over with Mr. —, and see what can be done; and I should like to know more of Mr. Campbell after all you tell me; he must be a very superior young man. You may be sure we shall be your friends, *both your friends*, whatever happens. I should just like to say a word to the woman of the house, and tell her to take good care of you, my dear, before I go."

"Sora Antonia is very kind," said Alice.

"Yes, my dear, I am sure of it; still she will be all the more attentive when she sees you have friends to take care of you," said the experienced woman, which was all the more kind on her part as her Italian was very limited, and a personal encounter of this description was one which she would have shrunk from in ordinary circumstances. But when she joined her husband it was with a glow of warmth and kindness about her heart, and a consciousness of having comforted the friendless. "If it ever could be right to do such a thing, I almost think it would be in such a case as this," she said with a woman's natural leaning to the romantic side; but the clergyman only shook his head. "We must wait, at all events, for an answer from Mr. Meredith," he said; and the fortnight which ensued was not a cheerful one for Alice.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THERE can be no doubt that the clergyman was right in suggesting that Colin should leave Frascati, and that the strange little household which had kept together since Arthur's death, under the supervision of Sora Antonia, was in its innocence in utter contradiction of all decorum and the usages of society. It was true besides that Alice had begun to be uneasy upon this very point, and to feel herself in a false position; nevertheless, when Lauderdale returned alone with a note from Colin, and informed her that they had found rooms in Rome, and were to leave her with Sora Antonia until the arrangements were made for

the marriage, it is inconceivable how blank and flat the evening felt to Alice without her two knights. As she sat over her needlework her sorrow came more frequently home to her than it had ever done before—her sorrow, her friendlessness, and the vague dread that this great happiness, which had come in tears, and which even now could scarcely be separated from the grief which accompanied it, might again fly away from her like a passing angel. Sora Antonia was indifferent company under these circumstances; she was very kind, but it was not in nature that an elderly peasant woman could watch the changing expressions of a girl's face, and forestall her tears, and beguile her weariness like the two chivalrous men who had devoted themselves to her amusement and occupation. Now that this rare morsel of time, during which she had been tended "like a queen," was over, it seemed impossible to Alice that it ever could be again. She who was not clever, who was nothing but Arthur's sister, how could she ever expect again to be watched over and served like an enchanted princess? Though, indeed, if she were Colin's wife—! but since Colin's departure and the visit of the clergyman, that possibility seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer—she could not tell why. She believed in it when her lover came to see her, which was often enough; but, when he was absent, doubt returned, and the bright prospect glided away, growing more and more dim and distant. She had never indulged in imagination, to speak of, before, and the few dreams that had possessed her heart had been dreams of Arthur's recovery—fantastic hopeless visions of those wondrous doctors and impossible medicines sometimes to be met with in books. But now, when her own position began to occupy her, and she found herself standing between hopes and fears, with such a sweet world of tenderness and consolation on one side, and so unlovely a prospect on the other, the dormant fancy woke up, and made wild work with Alice. Even in the face of her stepmother's refusal to have any-

thing to do with her, the spectre of Mrs. Meredith coming to take her home was the nightmare of the poor girl's existence. This was what she made by the clergyman's attention to the proprieties of the situation; but there was at least the comfort of thinking that in respect to decorum all was now perfectly right.

As for Colin, he, it must be confessed, bore the separation better; for he was not at all afraid of Mrs. Meredith, and he had a great many things to see and do, and, when he paid his betrothed a visit, it was sweet to see the flush of unmistakable joy in her face, and to feel that so fair a creature sat thinking of him in the silence, referring everything to him, ready to crown him with all the hopes and blossoms of her youth. And then, but for her sake, Colin, to tell the truth, was in no such hurry to be married as his clerical censor supposed. The weeks that might have to elapse before that event could be concluded were not nearly so irksome to him as they ought to have been; and, even though he began to get irritated at the ambiguous responses of the clergyman, he was not impatient of the delay itself, but found the days very interesting, and, on the whole, enjoyed himself; which, to be sure, may give some people an unfavourable impression of Colin's heart, and want of sympathy with the emotions of her he looked upon as his bride. At the same time, it is but just to say that he was not aware of these emotions—for Alice said nothing about her fears; and his love for her, which was genuine enough in its way, was not of the nature of that love which divines everything, and reads the eye and the heart with infallible perception. Such love as he had to give her was enough for Alice, who had known no better; but Colin himself was sensible by turns of the absence of the higher element in it, a sense which sometimes made him vexed with himself, and sometimes with the world and his fate, in all of which a vague want, a something vanished, struck him dimly but painfully whenever he permitted himself to think. But this impression, which came only now

and then, and which at all times was vague and unexpressed in words, was the only thing which disturbed Colin's tranquillity at the present moment. He did not suffer, like Alice, from fears that his dawning happiness was too great, and could never come true; for, though he had fully accepted his position, and even with the facility of youth had found pleasure in it, and found himself growing fonder every day of the sweet and tranquil creature to whom he became day by day more completely all in all, this kind of calm domestic love was unimpassioned, and not subject to the hopes and fears, the despairs and exultations of more spontaneous and enthusiastic devotion. So, to tell the truth, he endured the separation with philosophy, and roamed about all day long with many a thought in his mind, through that town which is of all towns in the world most full of memories, most exciting and most sorrowful. Colin, being Scotch, was not classical to speak of, and the Cæsars had but a limited interest for him; but, if the tutelary deities were worn out and faded, the shrine to which pilgrims had come for so many ages was musical with all the echoes of history, and affecting beyond description by many an individual tone of human interest. And in Papal Rome the young priest had an interest altogether different from that of a polemical Protestant or a reverential High-Churchman. Colin was a man of his age, tolerant and indulgent to other people's opinions, and apt to follow out his own special study without pausing to consider whether the people among whom he pursued it were without spot or blemish in matters of doctrine. The two friends spent a great deal of time in the churches; not at the high mass, or sweet-voiced vespers, where irreverent crowds assembled, as in a concert-room, to hear Mustapha sing, but in out-of-the-way chapels, where there were no signs of *festa*; in the Pantheon, in churches where there were no great pictures nor celebrated images, but where the common people went and came unconscious of any spectators; and many and strange

were the discussions held by the two Scotchmen over the devotions they witnessed—devotions ignorant enough, no doubt, but real, and full of personal meaning. It was Rome without her glorious apparel, without her grandeur and melodies,—Rome in very poor vestments, not always clean, singing out of tune, and regarding with eyes of intensest supplication such poor daubs of saints and weak-eyed Madonnas as would have found no place in the meanest exhibition anywhere in the world. Strangely enough, this was the aspect in which she had most interest for the two friends.

"It would be awfu' curious to hear the real thoughts these honest folk have in their minds," said Lauderdale. "I'm no much of the idolatry way of thinking mysel'. It may come a wee that way in respect to Mary. The rest of them are little more than friends at court so far as I can see, and it's no an unnatural feeling. If you take the view that a' natural feelings are like to be wrong to start with, that settles the question; but if, on the other hand—"

"I don't believe in idolatry under any circumstances," said Colin, hotly; "nobody worships a bad picture. It is the something represented by it never to be fully expressed, and of which, indeed, a bad picture is almost more touching than a good one—"

"Keep quiet, callant, and let other folk have a chance to speak," said Lauderdale; "I'm saying there's an awfu' deal of reasonableness in nature if you take her in the right way. I'm far from being above that feeling mysel'. No that I have any acquaintance with St. Cosmo and St. Damian and the rest; but I wouldna say if there was any rational way of getting at the ear of one of them that's gone—even if it was Arthur, poor callant—that I wouldna be awfu' tempted to bid him mind upon me when he was near the Presence Cha'amer. I'm no saying he had much wisdom to speak of, or was more enlightened than mysel'; and there's no distinct evidence that at this moment he's nearer God than I am; but I

tell you, callant, nature's strong—and, if I kent ony way of communication, there's nae philosophy in the world would keep me from asking, if he was nigh the palace gates and could see Him that sits upon the throne, that he should mind upon me."

"You may be sure he does it without asking," said Colin—and then, after a moment's pause, "Your illustration comes too close for criticism; but I know what you mean. I understand the feeling too; but then the saints as they flourish in Rome have nothing to do with Scotland," said the young man. "It would be something to get the people to have a little respect for the saints; but, as to saying their prayers to them, there is little danger of that."

"The callant's crazy about Scotland," said Lauderdale; "a man that heard you and kent no better might think ye were the king of Scotland in disguise, with a scheme of Church reform in your hand. If you're ever a minister you'll be in hot water before you're well placed. But, Colin, it's an awfu' descent from all your grand thoughts. You'll have to fight with the presbytery about organs and such like rubbish—and when you're to stand, and when you're to sit; that's what ambitious callants come to in our kirk. You were like enough for such a fate at any time, but you're certain of it now with your English wife."

"Well," said Colin, "it is no worse than the fight about candles and surplices in England; better, indeed, for it means something; and, if I fight on that point, at least, I'll fight at the same time for better things."

"It's aye best no to fight at all," said the philosopher, "though that's no a doctrine palatable to human nature so far as I have ever seen. But it's aye awfu' easy talking; you're no ready for your profession yet; and how you are ever to be ready, and you a married man——"

"Stuff!" said Colin; "most men are married; but I don't see that that fact hinders the business of the world. I don't mean to spend all my time with my wife."

"No," said Lauderdale with a momentary touch of deeper seriousness, and he paused and cast a side glance at his companion as if longing to say something; but it happened at that moment, either by chance or intention, that Colin turned the full glow of his brown eyes upon his friend's face, looking at him with that bright but blank smile which he had seen before, and which imposed silence more absolutely than any prohibition. "No," said Lauderdale, slowly changing his tone; "I'll no say it was that I was thinking of. The generality of callants studying for the kirk in our country are no in your position. I'm no clear in my own mind how it's to come to pass—for a young man that's the head of a family has a different class of subjects to occupy his mind; and as for the Balliol scholarship"—said the philosopher regretfully; "but that's no what I'm meaning. You'll have to provide for your own house, callant, before you think of the kirk."

"Yes, I have thought of all that," said Colin. "I think Alice will get on with my mother. She must stay there, you know, and I will go down as often as I can during the winter. What do you mean by making no answer? Do you think she will not like Ramore? My mother is fit company for a queen," said the young man with momentary irritation; for, indeed, he was a little doubtful in his own mind how this plan would work.

"I've little acquaintance with queens," said Lauderdale; "but I'm thinking history would tell different tales if the half of them were fit to be let within the door where the Mistress was. That's no the question. It's clear to me that your wife will rather have you than your mother, which is according to nature, though you and me may be of a different opinion. If you listen to me, Colin, you'll think a' that over again. It's an awfu' serious question. I'm no saying a word against the kirk; whatever fools may say, it's a grand profession; there's nae profession so grand that I ken of; but a man shouldna

enter with burdens on his back and chains on his limbs. You'll have to make your choice between love and it, Colin; and since in the first place you've made choice of love——"

"Stuff!" said Colin, but it was not said with his usual lightness of tone, and he turned upon his friend with a subdued exasperation which meant more than it expressed. "Why do you speak to me of love and——nonsense," cried Colin, "what choice is there?" and then he recollected himself, and grew red and angry. "My love has Providence itself for a second," he said; "if it were mere fancy you might speak; but, as for giving up my profession, nothing shall induce me to do that. Alice is not like a fanciful fool to hamper and constrain me. She will stay with my mother. Two years more will complete my studies, and then——" here Colin paused of himself, and did not well know what to say; for, indeed, it was then chiefly that the uttermost uncertainty commenced.

"And then——" said Lauderdale, meditatively. "It's an awful serious question. It's ill to say what may happen then. What I'm saying is no pleasure to me. I've put mair hope on your head than any man's justified in putting on another man. Ye were the ransom of my soul, callant," said the philosopher, with momentary emotion. "It was you that was to be——nothing but talk will ever come out of a man like me; and it's an awful consolation to contemplate a soul that means to live. But there's more ways of living——ay, and of serving God and Scotland——than in the kirk. No man in the world can fight altogether in the face of circumstance. I would think it a' well over again, if I were you."

"No more," said Colin, with all the more impatience that he felt the truth of what his friend was saying. "No more; I am not to be moved on that subject. No, no, it is too much; I cannot give up my profession," he said, half under his breath, to himself; and, perhaps, at the bottom of his soul, a momentary grudge, a momentary pang,

arose within him at the thought of the woman who could accept such a sacrifice without even knowing it, or feeling how great it was. Such, alas, was not the woman of Colin's dreams; yet so inconsistent was the young man in his youth, that ten minutes after, when the two walked past the Colosseum on their way to the railway, being bound to Frascati (for this was before the days when the vulgar highway of commerce had entered within the walls of Rome), a certain wavering smile on his lip, a certain colour on his cheeks, betrayed as plainly that he was bound on a lover's errand, as if it had been said in words. Lauderdale, whose youthful days were past, and who was at all times more a man of one idea, more absolute and fixed in his affections, than Colin, could understand him less on this point than on any other; but he saw how it was, though he did not attempt to explain how it could be, and the two friends grew silent, one of them delivered by sheer force of youthfulness and natural vigor from the anxieties that clouded the other. As they approached the gate, a carriage, which had been stopped there by the watchful ministers of the Dogana, made a sudden start, and dashed past them. It was gone in a moment, flashing on in the sunshine at the utmost speed which a reckless Italian coachman could get out of horses which did not belong to him; but in that instant, both the bystanders started, and came to a sudden pause in their walk. "Did you hear anything?" said Colin. "What was it?" and the young man turned round, and made a few rapid strides after the carriage; but then Colin stopped short, with an uneasy laugh at himself. "Absurd," he said; "all English voices sound something alike," which was an unlover-like remark. And then he turned to his friend, who looked almost as much excited as himself.

"I suppose that's it," said Lauderdale, but he was less easily satisfied than Colin. "I cannot see how it could be her," he said, slowly; "but——. Yon's an awful speed if there's no reason

for it. I'm terrible tempted to jump into that machine there, and follow," the philosopher added, with a stride towards a crazy little one-horse carriage which was waiting empty at the gate.

"It is I who should do that," said Colin; and then he laughed, shaking off his fears. "It is altogether impossible and absurd," the young man said. "Nonsense! there are scores of English girls who have voices sufficiently like her's to startle one. I have thought it was she half-a-dozen times since I came to Rome. Come along, or we shall lose the train. Nothing could possibly bring her into Rome without our knowledge; and nothing, I hope," said the young lover, who was in little doubt on that branch of the subject, "could make her pass by me."

"Except her father," said Lauderdale, to which Colin only replied by an impatient exclamation as they went on to the train. But, though it was only a momentary sound, the tone of a voice, that had startled them, it was with extreme impatience and an uneasiness which they tried to hide from each other that they made their way to Frascati. To be sure Colin amused himself for a little by the thought of a pretty speech with which he could flatter and flutter his gentle *fiancée*, telling her her voice was in the air, and he heard it everywhere; and then he burst forth into "Airy tongues that syllable men's names," to the consternation of Lauderdale. "But then she did not syllable any name," he added, laughing; "which is proof positive that it can have been nothing." His laugh and voice were, however, full of disturbance, and betrayed to Lauderdale that the suggestion he had made began to work. The two mounted the hill to Frascati from the station with a swiftness and silence natural to two Scotchmen at such a moment, leaving everything in the shape of carriage behind them. When they reached the Palazzo Savvelli, Colin cleared the long staircase at a bound for anything his companion saw who followed him more slowly, more and more certainly prescient of something having

happened. When Lauderdale reached the *salone*, he found nobody there save Sora Antonia, with her apron at her eyes, and Colin, sunk into Arthur's chair, reading a letter which he held in both his hands. Colin's face was crimson, his hands trembling with excitement and passion. The next moment he had started to his feet and was ready for action. "Read it, Lauderdale," he said, with a choking voice; "you may read it; it has all come true; and in the meantime I'm off to get a vettura," said the young man, rushing to the door. Before his friend could say a word, Colin was gone, tearing frantically down the stairs which he had come up like lightning; and in this bewildering moment, after the thunderbolt had fallen, with Sora Antonia's voice ringing in his ear as loudly and scarce more intelligibly than the rain which accompanies a storm, Lauderdale picked up poor Alice's letter, which was blotted with tears.

"Papa has come to fetch me," wrote Alice. "Oh, Colin, my heart is broken! He says we are to go instantly, without a moment's delay; and he would not let me write even this if he knew. Oh, Colin, after all your goodness and kindness, and love that I was not worthy of!—oh, why did anybody ever interfere? I do not know what I am writing, and I am sure you will never be able to read it. Never so long as I live shall I think one thought of anybody but you; but papa would not let me speak to you,—would not wait to see you, though I told him you were coming. Oh Colin, good-bye, and do not think it is me—and tell Mr. Lauderdale I shall never forget his kindness. I would rather, far rather, die than go away. Always, always, whatever any one may say, your own poor Alice, who is not half nor quarter good enough for you."

This was the hurried utterance of her disappointment and despair which Alice had left behind her ere she was forced away; but Sora Antonia held another document of a more formal description, which she delivered to Lauderdale with

a long preface, of which he did not understand a word. He opened it carelessly; for, the fact being apparent, Lauderdale, who had no hand in the business on his own account, was sufficiently indifferent to any compliments which the father of Alice might have to pay to himself.

"Mr. Meredith regrets to have the sentiments of gratitude with which he was prepared to meet Mr. Lauderdale, on account of services rendered to his son, turned into contempt and indignation by the base attempt on the part of Mr. Lauderdale's companion to ensnare the affections of his daughter. Having no doubt whatever that when removed from the personal coercion in which she has been held, Miss Meredith will see the base character of the connexion which it has been attempted to force upon her, Mr. Meredith will, in consideration of the services above mentioned, take no legal steps for the exposure of the conspiracy which he has fortunately found out in time to defeat its nefarious object, but begs that it may be fully understood that his leniency is only to be purchased by an utter abstinence from any attempt to disturb Miss Meredith, or bring forward the ridiculous pretensions of which she is too young to see the utterly interested and mercenary character."

A man does not generally preserve his composure unabated after reading such an epistle, and Lauderdale was no more capable than other men of dissembling his indignation. His face flushed with a dark glow, more burning and violent than anything that had disturbed his blood for years; and it was as well for the character of the grave and sober-minded Scotsman that nobody but Sora Antonia was present to listen to the first exclamation that rose to his lips. Sora Antonia herself was in a state of natural excitement, pouring forth her account of all that happened with tears and maledictions, which were only stopped by Colin's shout from the bottom of the staircase for his friend. The impatient youth came rushing upstairs when he found no immediate

response, and swept the older man with him like a whirlwind. "Another time, another time," he cried to Sora Antonia, "I must go first and bring the Signorina back," and Colin picked up both the letters, and rushed down, driving Lauderdale before him to the carriage which he had already hastened to the door; and they were driving off again, whirling down hill towards the Campagna, before either had recovered the first shock of this unlooked-for change in all their plans. Then it was Lauderdale who was the first to speak.

"You are going to bring the Signorina back," he said with a long breath. "It's a fool's errand, but I'll no say but I'll go with you. Colin, it's happened as was only natural. The father has got better, as I said he would. I'm no blaming the father"—

"Not after *this*?" said Colin, who had just read in a blaze of indignation Mr. Meredith's letter.

"Hout," said the philosopher, "certainly not after that;" and he took it out of Colin's hand and folded it up and tore it into a dozen pieces. "The man kens nothing of me. Callant," said Lauderdale, warming suddenly, "there is but one person to be considered in this business. You and me can fend for ourselves. Pain and sorrow cannot but come on her as things are, but nothing is to be done or said that can aggravate them, or give her more to bear. You're no heeding what I say. Where are you going now, if a man might ask?"

"I am going to claim my bride," said Colin, shortly. "Do you imagine I am likely to abandon her now?"

"Colin," said his friend anxiously, "you'll no get her. I'm no forbidding you to try, but I warn you not to hope. She's in the hands of her natural guardian, and at this moment there's nae power on earth that would induce him to give her to you. He's to be blamed for ill speaking, but I'm not clear that he's to be blamed for this."

"I wish you would not talk," said Colin roughly, and opened Alice's little letter again, and read it and put it to his lips. If he had never been impassioned

before he was so now; and so they went on, dashing across the long level Campagna roads, where there was nothing to break the sunshine but here and there a nameless pile of ruins.

The sunshine began to fall low and level on the plain before they reached the gates. "One thing at least is certain—he cannot take her out of Rome to-night," said Colin. It was almost the only word that was spoken between them until they began their doubtful progress from one hotel to another, through the noisy resounding streets.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Now we have found them let me face them by myself," said Colin, to whom the interval of silence and consideration had been of use. They were both waiting in the hall of one of the hotels facing towards the Piazza del Popolo, to which they had at last tracked Mr. Meredith, and Lauderdale acquiesced silently in Colin's decision. The young man had already sent up his card, with a request that he might see not Alice but her father. After a considerable time, the servant who had taken it returned with an abrupt message that Mr. Meredith was engaged. When he had sent up a second time, explaining that his business was urgent, but with the same effect, Colin accompanied his third message with a note, and went with his messenger to the door of the room in which his adversary was. There could be no doubt of the commotion produced within by this third application. Colin could hear some one pacing about the room with disturbed steps, and the sound of a controversy going on, which, though he was too far off to hear anything that was said, still reached him vaguely in sound at least. When he had waited for about five minutes, the clergyman, whom he had not in the least thought of or expected to see, made his appearance cautiously at the door. He did not attempt to admit the young man, but came up to him on tiptoe, and took him persuasively,

almost caressingly, by the arm. "My good friend, my excellent young friend," said the puzzled priest, with a mixture of compunction and expostulation which in other circumstances would have amused Colin, "let us have a little conversation. I am sure you are much too generous and considerate to add to the distress of—of——" But here the good man recollected just in time that he had pledged himself not to speak of Alice, and made a sudden pause. "There in that room," he went on, changing his tone, and assuming a little solemnity, "is a sorrowful father, mourning for his only son, and driven almost out of his senses by illness and weakness, and a sense of the shameful way in which his daughter has been neglected—not his fault, my dear Mr. Campbell. You cannot have the heart to increase his sufferings by claims, however well founded, which have been formed at a time——"

"Stop," said Colin, "it is not my fault if he has not done his duty to his children; I have no right to bear the penalty. He has cast the vilest imputations upon me——"

"Hush, hush, I beg of you," said the clergyman, "my excellent young friend——"

Colin laughed in spite of himself. "If I am your excellent friend," he said, "why do you not procure me admission to tell my own story? Why should the sight of me distress your sorrowing father? I am not an ogre, nor an enemy, but his son's friend; and up to this day, I need not remind you," said the young man with a rising colour, "the only protector, along with my friend Lauderdale, whom his daughter has had. I do not say that he may not have natural objections to give her to me, a poor man," said Colin, with natural pride; "but, at all events, he has no reason to hurry her away by stealth, as if I had not a right to be told why our engagement is interrupted so summarily. I will do nothing to distress Alice," the young man went on, involuntarily lingering by the door, which was not entirely closed; "but I

protest against being treated like a villain or an adventurer—"

"Hush, hush, hush," cried the unlucky peacemaker, putting out his hand to close the unfastened door; but before he could do so, Mr. Meredith appeared on the threshold, flushed and furious. "What are you else, sir, I should like to know," cried the angry British father, "to drag an unprotected girl into such an entanglement without even a pretence of consulting her friends, to take advantage of a deathbed for your detestable fortune-hunting schemes? Don't answer me, sir! Have you a penny for your own? have you anything to live on? That's the question. If it was not for other considerations, I'd indict you. I'd charge you with conspiracy; and even now, if you come here to disturb my poor girl——. But I promise you, you shall see her no more," the angry man continued. "Go, sir, and let me hear no more of you. She has a protector now."

Colin stood a moment without speaking after Mr. Meredith had disappeared, closing the door violently after him.

"I have not come to distress Alice," said the young man. He had to repeat it to himself to keep down the hot blood that was burning in his veins; and as for the unfortunate clergyman, who was the immediate cause of all this, he kept his position by the door in a state of mind far from enviable, sorry for the young man and ashamed of the old one, and making inarticulate efforts to speak and mediate between them. But the conference did not last very long outside the closed door. Though it did not fortunately occur to Colin that it was the interference of his present companion which had originated this scene, the young man did not feel the insult the less from the deprecatory half-sympathy offered to him. "It is a mistake—it is a mistake," said the clergyman, "Mr. Meredith will discover his error. I said I thought you were imprudent, and indeed wrong; but I have never suspected you of interested motives—never since my first interview with the

young lady;—but think of her sufferings, my dear young friend; think of her," said the mediator, who was driven to his wits' end. As for Colin, he calmed himself down a little by means of pacing about the corridor—the common resource of men in trouble.

"Poor Alice," he said, "if I did not think of her, do you think I should have stood quietly to be insulted? But look here—the abuse of such a man can do no harm to me, but he may kill her. If I could see her it might do some good.—Impossible? Do you suppose I mean to see her clandestinely, or to run away with her, perhaps? I mean," said Colin, with youthful sternness, "that if I were permitted to see her I might be able to reconcile her a little to what is inevitable. Of course he is her father. I wish her father were a chimney-sweep instead," said Colin; "but it is she I have to think of. Will you try to get me permission to see her?—only for ten minutes, if you like—in your presence, if that is necessary; but I must say one word to her before she is carried away."

"Yes, yes, it's very natural—very natural," said the peacemaker; "I will do all I can for you. Be here at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning; the poor dear young lady must have rest after her agitation. Don't be afraid; I am not a man to deceive you; they do not leave till five o'clock for Civita Vecchia. You shall see her; I think I can promise you. I will take the responsibility on myself."

Thus ended Colin's attempt to bring back the Signorina, as he said. In the morning he had reached the hotel long before the hour mentioned, in case of an earlier departure; but everything was quiet there, and the young man hovered about, looking up at the windows, and wondering which might be the one which inclosed his little love, with sentiments more entirely lover-like than he had ever experienced before. But, when the hour of his appointment came, and he hurried into the hotel, he was met by the indignant clergyman, who felt his own honour compromised, and was wroth beyond

measure. Mr. Meredith had left Rome at dawn of day, certainly not for Civita Vecchia, leaving no message for any one. He had pretended, after hot resistance, to yield to the kind-hearted priest's petition, that the lovers might say farewell to each other, and this was the way he had taken of balking them. It was now the author of the original mischief who felt himself insulted and scorned, and his resentment and indignation were louder than Colin's, whose mind at first lost itself in schemes of following, and vain attempts to ascertain the route the party had taken. Lauderdale, coming anxious but steady to the scene of action half an hour afterwards, found his friend absorbed in this inquiry, and balancing all the chances between the road by Perugia and the road by Orvieto, with the full intention of going off in pursuit. It was then his careful guardian's time to interfere. He led the youth away, and pointed out to him the utter vanity of such an undertaking. Not distance or uncertainty of road, but her father's will, which was likely to be made all the more rigorous by a pursuit, parted Alice from her young protector and bridegroom; and if he followed her to the end of the world, this obstacle would still remain as unremovable as ever. Though he was hot-headed and young, and moved by excitement, and indignation, and pity, to a height of passion which his love for Alice by itself would never have produced, Colin still could not help being reasonable, and he saw the truth of what was said to him. At the same time, it was not natural that the shock which was so great and sudden should be got over in a moment. Colin felt himself insulted and outraged, in the first place; and in another point of view he was equally mortified—mortified even by the relief which he knew would be felt by all his friends when the sudden end of his unwelcome project was made known to them. The Ramore household had given a kind of passive acquiescence to what seemed inevitable—but Colin was aware they would all be very glad at home when the failure was known—

and it was a failure, howsoever the tale might be told. Thus the original disappointment was aggravated by stings of apprehended ridicule and jocular sympathy, for to no living soul, not even to his mother, would Colin have confessed how great a share in his original decision Alice's helpless and friendless position had, nor the sense of loss and bondage with which he had often in his secret heart regarded the premature and imprudent marriage which he had lived to hear stigmatized as the scheme of a fortune-hunter. It was thus that the very generosity of his intentions gave an additional sting at once to the insult and the sympathy. After a day or two, his thoughts of Alice as the first person to be considered, and deep sense of the terrible calamity it was to her, yielded a little to those thoughts of himself and all the humiliating accompaniments of this change in his intentions. During this period his temper became, even by Lauderdale, unbearable; and he threw aside everything he was doing, and took to silence and solitary rambles, in utter disgust with the shortsightedness and injustice of the world. But after that unhappy interval it has to be confessed that the skies suddenly cleared for Colin. The first symptom of revival that happened to him came to pass on a starry, lovely May night, when he had plunged into the darkness of the lonely quarter about the Colosseum alone, and in a state of mind to which an encounter with the robbers supposed to haunt these silent places would have been highly beneficial. But it chanced that Colin raised his moody eyes to the sky, suddenly and without any premeditation, and saw the moon struggling up through a maze of soft white clouds, parting them with her hands as they threw themselves into baffling airy masses always in her way; and suddenly, without a moment of preface, a face—the face—the image of the veiled woman, who was not Alice, and to whom he had bidden farewell, gleamed out once more through the clouds, and looked Colin in the eyes, thrilling him through and through with a guilty astonishment.

The moment after was the hardest of all Colin's struggle; and he rushed home after it tingling all over with self-contempt and burning indignation, and plunged into a torrent of talk when he found his friend, by way of forgetting himself, which struck Lauderdale with the utmost surprise. But next day Colin felt himself somehow comforted without knowing how; and then he took to thinking of his life and work, which now, even for the sake of Alice, if nothing else, he must pursue with determined energy; and then it seemed to him as if every moment was lost that kept him away from home. Was it for Alice? Was it that he might offer her again the perfected mind and settled existence to which his labours were to lead him? He said so to himself as he made his plans; but yet unawares a vision of deeper eyes came gleaming upon him out of the clouds. And it was with the half-conscious thrill of another existence, a feeling as of new and sweeter air in the sails, and a widening ocean under the keel, that Colin rose up after all these varying changes of sentiment were over, and set his face to the north once more.

"It's awfu' strange to think it's the last time," said Lauderdale, as they stood together on the Pincian Hill, and watched the glowing colours of the Roman sunset. "It's little likely that you and me will ever see St. Peter yonder start up black into the sun like that another time in our lives. It's grander than a' their illuminations, though it's more like another kind of spirit than an angel. And this is Rome! I dinna seem ever to have realized the thought before. It's awfu' living and life-like, callant, but it's the graves we'll mind it by. I'm no meaning kings and

Cæsars. I'm meaning them that come and never return. Testaccio's hidden out of sight, and the cypress trees," said the philosopher; "but there's mony an eye that will never lose sight of them even at the other end of the world. I might have been going my ways with an awfu' different heart, if it hadna been for the mercy of God."

"Then you thought I would die?" said Colin, to whom, in the stir of his young life, the words were solemn and strange to say; "and God is merciful; yet Meredith is lying yonder, though not me."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, and then there was a long pause. "I'm no offering ony explanation," said the philosopher. "It's a question between a man and his Maker—spirit to spirit. It's an awfu' mystery to us, but it maun be made clear and satisfying to them that go away. For me, I'll praise God," he said abruptly, with a harsh ring in his voice; and Colin knew for the first time thoroughly that his faithful guardian had thought nothing better than to bring him here to die. They went into the church on the hill, where the nuns were singing their sweet vespers as they descended for the last time through the dusky avenues, listening as they went to the bells ringing the Ave Maria over all the crowded town; and there came upon Colin and his friend in different degrees that compunction of happiness which is the soul of thanksgiving. Others,—how many!—have stood speechless in dumb submission on that same spot and found no thanks to say; and it was thus that Colin, after all the events that made these four months so important in his life, entered upon a new period of his history, and took his farewell of Rome.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO A COLONIAL CLERGYMAN

ON SOME RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL MOVEMENTS IN THE DIOCESE OF CAPETOWN
AND IN ENGLAND.

MY DEAR SIR.—Your last letter was evidently written in much anxiety. You feel that a question has been raised in one of the colonies of Great Britain which must affect all her colonies. If it has not yet approached yours, you yet hear the threatenings of what may be a tempest. And it is a tempest which it cannot be solely or chiefly the business of statesmen to avert or to encounter. The clergy must be in the midst of it; they are asked to assist in raising it.

You say that the controversy in the diocese of Capetown has evidently entered on an entirely new phase. The question about the authority of the Pentateuch has been abundantly discussed; you have no doubt that truth will issue from the discussion; your sympathies were not with the Bishop of Natal in that strife. But, for the purpose of condemning him, claims have been put forward which involve, you see clearly, the establishment of such an ecclesiastical authority as is absolutely incompatible with the Queen's supremacy, as must issue in the dissolution of the bonds between any colony wherein it exists and the mother-country. Your own experience makes you dread this result, and other results that will accompany it. You hear much of a free Church, and of the bondage which it is now suffering from the State. You foresee anything but freedom for either clergy or laity under the *régime* which is to supersede the one under which you are living. Still you find it very difficult to maintain your ground against the number of arguments which are addressed directly to your clerical conscience. "Ought you not to assert that 'there is a Kingdom of God which is 'higher than all mere secular arrangements? Ought there not to be a

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"power strong enough to compel the
"clergy to confine themselves within the
"religious system which is set forth
"in the Articles to which they have
"sworn? Can jurisdiction upon such
"a subject be safely left in the hands
"of laymen? Have they not proved
"by their acts that it cannot?" These
are questions which you think ought to be answered, and which we in England ought to consider as well as you. They are mixed, of course, with suspicions and denunciations which are more or less disagreeable. But such you have learnt to expect. You consider *them* the proper badges of your profession.

When you wrote, I think you cannot have received a copy of the "Case" which Dr. Pusey submitted to the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, and of the Preface "To those who love 'God and His truth,'" with which he has introduced it.¹ After you have read that preface you will understand that it is no specially colonial debate in which you are involved. The battle you will see has to be fought here. You will learn with what weapons Dr. Pusey thinks that his side should provide themselves. You will see that ecclesiastical dominion and the Kingdom of God are identified in his mind; that he does not for a moment seek to distinguish them. He considers the decision of the lay courts in the case of Mr. Wilson to be simply wicked. Every one who loves God and His truth must do his utmost to get it reversed, and to establish a permanent jurisdiction which shall secure the

¹ "Case as to the Legal Force of the Judgment *In Re Fendall v. Wilson*; with the Opinion of the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, and a Preface to those who love God and his Truth." By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. J. H. and J. Parker, and Rivingtons. Second edition.

Church against similar outrages. If that result cannot be obtained, there is no alternative but a free Church; that is to say, one disclaiming the Queen's supremacy, and simply governed by the Bishops and the priesthood.

Such a statement as this puts an end to all compromises. It brings the whole question to a plain and direct issue. There are many other ways in which it may present itself to laymen. To us it must present itself in this way:—"Is the assumption true? Are the 'Kingdom of God and ecclesiastical' dominion convertible terms? Have 'they any connexion with each other, 'and, if any—what?' These should be our most prominent inquiries. And these will rise out of them:—"Has the 'English Church reason to complain 'of the Queen's supremacy, or to rejoice in it? Has lay jurisdiction been 'injurious to truth, or justice, or has it 'been their protection? Are we pledged 'to a religious system, or is it true that 'those who think they are pledged to 'one become impatient of our Church 'and seek refuge in some other?"

If in attempting to consider these points I lead you into a tedious historical inquiry, you must blame yourself. You have asked for my thoughts on this great subject. You have shown that you feel there is a close relation between the events which are passing now in a youthful colony and those which have occupied England and mankind for centuries. The historical facts to which I shall allude are all notorious, lying on the surface of our reading. Yet they point to unchangeable principles, to the grounds of our personal and our social life. They are as important to the laity as the clergy. I believe that there are good and obvious reasons why they should be first and most distinctly suggested to the clergy. If they are able to distinguish between true moral freedom and the freedom to coerce other men—if they have courage to assert the highest dignity of the priesthood, and therefore to abjure all privileges and exercises of power which interfere with it—they may save old communities and

infant communities from perishing; if not, I fear they will be the destruction of both.

I wish chiefly to seek illustrations on this topic in our own history, but I cannot confine myself to that. The fourteenth century—the century of Boniface VIII.—the century in which Rome was deserted of its Bishop—was the one which brought the controversy between the lay and ecclesiastical powers most distinctly to an issue—which involved all Europe in that controversy. Then lived the patriot, poet, Theologian of Florence. I suppose our modern Catholics in England or abroad will not deny that last name to Dante. Theology was the ground of his poem and of his life. In its highest sense, as the vision of God, it expresses all his thoughts of Paradise. And I need not say that he did not dwell only in Paradise. Dr. Pusey speaks of some who wish to get rid of hell. I do not know who they are. I think they must be feeble people, who know little of themselves, and have little recollection of the words which our Lord addressed to the scribes and Pharisees. But, at all events, Dante will not be accused of that offence. Nor can he be suspected of undervaluing the priesthood, or those who exercised the most power over Europe as preachers. Francis and Dominic are found in his most inward and celestial circle. He is free from all imputation of heresy; the shape and structure of his Christianity were determined by the most orthodox schoolmen. And this man was the asserter, in his "*Divina Commedia*," and in his acts and sufferings as a Florentine citizen, of the lay power against the ecclesiastical. He had not inherited that position. He grew into it as he became more experienced and more devout. It was in the maturity of his mind and character that he felt himself called to defend the Holy Roman Empire when it stood most directly in opposition to the Popes. His prose, as well as his poetry, was enlisted in this cause. It was no lazy advocacy. Such men as Frederic II., as Manfredi, notwithstanding the suspicions of Ma-

hometanism and infidelity which were cast upon the first—notwithstanding the resolution of the spiritual power to persecute both to the death—were found by him in the region of purification, while so many of the Popes were consigned to that from which all hope is banished. And this was no mere homage to men who favoured refinement and cultivation; no censure of those who might hold Italy in chains. Dante spoke in his character of theologian, as a witness for the God of justice and truth against those who were trampling upon justice and truth. He was pleading for the spiritual influence of the priesthood—for that which he had revered in the founders of the mendicant orders. He was bearing his testimony against what seemed to him the worst and most concentrated exhibition of secularity and mammonism. Therefore he maintained the sanctity of lay tribunals, in which principles of justice were acknowledged, and to a certain extent acted on; therefore he implored the German emperors to vindicate the down-trodden Italy; therefore he appealed to the judgment-seat of Heaven against the priests who were pretending to pronounce and execute its decrees upon earth.

I dwell upon this subject because I do trust that modern Italy will lay to heart the lesson which is taught her by her greatest poet. What has she to do with German or Anglican doctors? Let her call to her aid her old theology. In that name let her fight with her oppressors. The dream of a Holy Roman Empire has passed away. She is not tempted as the men of the fourteenth century were to invoke the help of the foreigner on behalf of her own freedom. She has a native ruler. Let none persuade her that in paying homage to him she is rendering to Caesar the things that are his; that in paying homage to the Pope she is paying to God the things that are God's. A native ruler is not a Caesar; the Pope is not God. She will fulfil our Lord's command if she gives up the hearts on which God has set His image and superscription to Him who

is the Deliverer out of bondage, if she joyfully and thankfully pays her tribute to the prince who has bound scattered provinces in one. So she will inaugurate a new and blessed era for the Florence of her great singer; so it will prove itself worthy to be the capital of a united Italy till a better time shall render her a true and regenerated Rome, till it shall testify of a city that is indeed eternal.

I must take one more instance from the general history of the same century—an instance less memorable, of course, for the men concerned in it—even more applicable to the subject before us for the class which they represented. It is the period of the conflict between the spiritual Franciscans, those who adhered to the strict rule of their order, and those who, under one pretext or other, would allow mendicants to become holders of property. John XXII. threw his weight into the scale of what he considered the moderate party—the one most in sympathy with his own acts and character. What followed? The most vehement protest that had ever been made for the lay authority against the ecclesiastical proceeded *from the Spiritualists*. It was urged distinctly, formally, in the name of theology. William of Ockham, the English Franciscan, the champion of Franciscan poverty, denounces the Canonists, the champions of ecclesiastical law and jurisdiction, as the great enemies of theology, and appeals to the Bible as the witness against them. In the interest of theology and the Bible he takes the part of Louis of Bavaria against the Pope. He utters the well-known sentence, "Defend me by thy sword, and I will defend thee by my pen."

These instances flash forth at intervals in the records of the Continental Church, and throw a light upon its government and life in all its different stages. But in England the history has been continuous. If we look steadily at it there is hardly a break in its testimony from the time of which I have spoken to our own day. In every age the battle has been as of those who believed in a righteous Ruler of the earth—in an

actual kingdom of God—against the ecclesiastical rulers and the ecclesiastical tribunals that were exalting their own authority and calling that the divine authority.

These were the opposers, I need not tell you, of all the movements towards reformation under Wicklif; these made the circulation of his translation among the people penal. It was against the mammonism of the ecclesiastics that Wicklif raised his voice. The Friars, whose earlier history had been so venerable in Dante's eyes, who still had so many worthy champions of freedom among them, were hateful to him as they were to Chaucer, because they were enemies to national and domestic life. For a time, Wicklif felt very clearly that he could only oppose the Pope by vindicating the regal rights of Edward III. He became entangled, probably, in the intrigues of the Court enfeebled by the patronage of John of Gaunt. He saw that his true course was to be the English secular priest, the parson of the *town*, the unfold of the Gospel to the middle class. No doubt that was a better and nobler position; but it was a misfortune for his successors that they forgot his earlier ground. When the usurping Lancastrian princes sought the aid of the priesthood to prop their title, and as a reward agreed to burn heretics for them—when that ignoble compact, which is so admirably indicated in the first act of Shakespeare's *Henry V.* was concluded between the Bishop and the monarch—the Lollards became indifferent to the civil government which trampled upon them, and began to regard it as the devil's government. It was a natural mistake, but it involved them in terrible confusions. They became communists; there was always an excuse for treating them as foes of the State as well as rebels against the Church. They could not therefore work out a national reformation. They were anti-national, like the Friars.

But there were instruments at work which were compelling the people to desire such a reformation. Thanks be to God! there is nothing in His world

so mischievous that it may not be the instrument of leading to good. The people had no disposition to rebel against the priests; they would have acquiesced in their teaching; they would have fed at the doors of the monasteries; they would have frequented the plays. But the ecclesiastical courts were too terrible to be borne. They invaded all the sanctity of family life; they presented a spectacle of injustice, indulgence of crimes, hateful bribery such as could be seen nowhere else. The sins of popes might be heard of at a distance; there might be a strong English protest against those who represented them here. But these courts pressed upon the heart of every man. They threatened the peasant who wished to read his Bible for his practical lessons of life, and the student who wished to examine it. There was no secret of the conscience, no detail of common life, into which their agents and spies did not seek to penetrate. And there was really no moral corruption which they did not abet and patronize. There had been a time when those courts testified to a truth, though in a very bewildered manner. If Henry II. had won a complete victory over Becket, the mere customs and legal rules of a kingdom might have been recognised as all in all; the idea of a law of equity and reason which transcends them, and is universal, might have been lost. Even at the perilous price of maintaining a different law for different classes of men in a State, this principle had need to be asserted. But now the ecclesiastical courts were witnesses for no maxims of equity and reason—were practical, habitual, deniers of any such maxims. Against them the devoutest men, the most intelligent men, rose indignantly, as well as the humblest handicraftsmen. To be delivered from them was the greatest deliverance that could be won for individuals, for the nation.

And in what form did it come? In the form of that Act which some among us cry out against as the beginning of our oppression. In the Act of Supre-

macy, in the declaration that the king is over all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, within his dominions supreme. I do not gainsay the piety or nobleness of Sir Thomas More, or any man who resisted that Act, and died for his disobedience to it. I must reverence any less dear and venerable person who gave that sign of his fidelity to his convictions. But, if what Sir Thomas More knew of those ecclesiastical courts—if what he has said of them in his first book of the “*Eutopia*” is true, I am sure that this proclamation must have brought to thousands of hearts the assurance, “Now we know that the Lord is above all gods, for that whenever they did ‘proudly he was above them.’” It was not merely the liberation from a foreign yoke, which the Plantagenet princes had been as little able to bear as the Tudor, though *their* emancipation from it would have been the emancipation of the kings and not of the people; therefore quite undesirable. It was the deliverance from a deep, penetrating, practical Atheism. The violent wresting of justice in a province creates an unbelief in a people, which no unbelieving dogmas, let them be as widely diffused as they may, are able to generate; such dogmas derive their chief force from the experience which appears to testify that there is no Judge that regardeth. But here the violent wresting came from those who assumed that they were the divine powers of the universe, God’s highest delegates on earth: those who represented His authority, which had ceased to work, or could not work, independently of them. That the *most* glaring outrages upon men’s moral sense—the acts which, in any tolerably well-organized human society, would stamp the perpetrators of them as infamous—should characterise those courts which were called spiritual, and which assumed to settle what was, and what was not, the moral standard—can any language except the burning language of the prophets—used as that was to describe the enormities of the priests that perverted the law of God in the old days—express the effects of this guilt upon

society? That the Tudor princes had any distinct purpose of making their people free in one sense or another, I do not pretend. I do not suppose that if they had had their way, or that if we any of us had our way, that would be the result to which we should come. Henry and Elizabeth were arbitrary, no doubt; often capricious; were tempted continually to the notion that, having thrown off the Pope’s authority, they might become popes themselves. But there were perpetual hindrances to this ambition; signs in abundance that they were not absolute, however they might wish to be so. There was the necessity laid upon the king, which Mr Froude has pointed out in Henry’s case, of giving much more honour to the House of Commons than his predecessors had done, because the adherents of the pope, even after the dissolution of the monasteries, were so numerous in the Upper House. There was the necessity of appealing to the Bible, and of treating it as containing a law which controlled both kings and people. Without this appeal, the king could not have maintained his ground against the old hierarchy. And how immense was the influence of such a recognition coming from the monarch upon the mind of the nation! It suggests one of the topics which I said would arise in the course of our inquiry.

The whole history of the Bible imparted to the English people the thought of a *kingdom*, not of a religious *system*. The king represented the sacredness of the nation, to which the Old Testament bore witness; the bishops might, if they chose to claim that honour, represent a society consisting of all kindreds and nations—might testify that the divinest and most universal government is a fatherly one. In this respect the English Reformation was peculiar. It was the most national of all; yet it preserved most signs of the existence of a body that was not national but catholic. If the bishops understood their functions, they might keep the monarch continually in mind that his power was limited, not absolute; might teach him that he was not in any sense a pope;

might remind him that he could not take that character, or in any wise exalt himself above law without committing an act of treason against the King of kings. If the monarch understood his function, he might vindicate his title to be the head of the whole nation; he might hinder the Bishops from becoming the heads of a party or sect in the nation, and so degrading and contradicting their own vocation.

Henry VIII. had been well bred in the Catholic system; he would have liked to sanction it by his royal supremacy, to punish all who departed from it. But he could not. There were elements all about him, Romish, Lutheran, Calvinist, which made the maintenance of such a system impossible. So he had to content himself with being an English king. When the Reformers had had their own way under Edward, they would gladly have established a Protestant system. Happily they could not do it; there were too many elements of strife among themselves; there was too strong a Romish force all around them. They could only make a Prayer-book for the nation; whatever they did of their own imagination, and to forward the ends of their system—their notable and ingenious scheme, for instance, of disturbing the hereditary succession for the sake of enthroning a Protestant princess—was defeated by the counsel of God and the indignant protest of the English people. Mary succeeded, no doubt, in establishing a religious system, and in enforcing it in the only way in which a system, be it Romish, Protestant, or what it may, can be rationally or consistently enforced. But she was puzzled between the obligations of her own popedom, which Gardiner would have had her insist upon, and the claims of the Roman Bishop, which Pole regarded as paramount to all others. She never quite knew whether she was punishing Protestants as rebels against the throne, or as deniers of the faith. The two notions were mixed in her mind. She fell despairingly between them, having secured the triumph of the cause which she hated—having been the instrument,

by her fires, of calling forth in its advocates the life which their own prosperity and ambition had nearly extinguished.

How much do we owe to that uncertainty of Elizabeth between the two systems, to that incapacity for rejecting the Romish or embracing the Protestant, which so often provokes our indignation, and which did, no doubt, make her alternately unjust—often at the same moment severe—to those who were pledged to either! A religious system could not be established by her or by her bishops. They did produce a set of Articles which they perhaps meant to set forth as an Anglican system, one which should be neither Romanist, nor Lutheran, nor Calvinistical. They only prevailed to produce what many of us have felt to be our great warning against all systems, Romanist, Lutheran, Calvinistical, or Anglican; which has convinced us that a high theology, such as is contained in the Creeds, must be free from the shackles of any of them—must lose its character, and become a contradiction, if it receives its shape and definition from any. At all events, these Articles have proved, as I may show you before I finish this letter, most inconvenient to all holders of a system, let the name it bears be what it may.

I have claimed from English Churchmen, be they clerical or lay, a very serious consideration of the blessings which the Royal supremacy has conferred on them, before they treat it as an enemy to their freedom. I might, I think, prove that it has done more for those who are not Churchmen than they know of; that in it is contained that assertion of the wholeness and unity of the nation, which led first to the acknowledgment of the civil rights of Protestant Nonconformists, ultimately to the acknowledgment of the civil rights of Roman Catholics, when the tendency of Anglican ecclesiastics would have been to deny them to both. But I cannot even hint at such an opinion as this without admitting that the Royal supremacy did take a form in the Stuart age which may well make the first of these bodies regard it with de-

testation for what it did against them ; the other with contempt for what it did and what it failed to do in their favour. From the hour when King James uttered the words, "No Bishop, no King"—fulfilled indeed to the letter, but implying in him only the belief that the Bishops would uphold his lawless prerogative if he upheld their authority, and compelled the reluctant people whom he had left to receive it—from the time when the Bishops began to worship him, and call him the breath of their nostrils—from the time in which the priests led him to regard parliament as his foes, and laws as the utterance of his will—the fate of the monarchy and the episcopacy was sealed ; God, I believe, not man, was fighting against them. For, so far as the teaching of the Court preachers was heeded, the actual government of God was forgotten or denied. He was supposed to have delegated His power to a set of men who used their offices for ends which they called divine, but which seemed to the conscience of the English people earthly, sensual, sometimes devilish. That which rose up against the slavish doctrines of the bishops and the monarch was an intense conviction on both sides of the Tweed that God is really, and not in pretence, reigning over the nations. Long before that feeling had found its expression in the Solemn League and Covenant, devout and accomplished English gentlemen had uttered their cries against Popery and Arminianism as the twin curses of the land. These patriots had no prejudice against their Roman Catholic ancestors. They appealed continually to the charters which their ancestors had won from the monarchs ; they must have regarded Stephen Langton with the profoundest reverence. They cared nothing for the decrees of the Synod of Dort. But they saw that under an Italian name, or a Dutch name—it signified little which—there was creeping in a religious system which exalted men into the throne of the universe, and deprived them of any practical sense of responsibility for their acts and their purposes to a righteous and eternal

Judge.¹ And they saw that the great Arminian Bishop of the day, the imitator of all Popish ceremonies, was not content with inculcating a servile theory respecting the person of the monarch. The patriots of the first three parliaments preserved their loyalty to him unimpaired. It was deep and affectionate, and was shown in nothing more than in their determination to maintain the constitutional maxim of treating all usurpations done in the Royal name as chargeable upon evil counsellors. But they knew that Laud had grown to his great influence through Buckingham. They saw that he identified himself with the wickedest minister, morally as well as politically, that ever offended and debased a land. With the deeds of that man the English people were compelled to connect all the schemes of the Bishop and the King for the exaltation of the power of each. Before Dr. Pusey indulges in insinuations which, if they were not written "for the love of God" and His truth," would be called gross personal libels on statesmen of his own day—before he speculates on the possibility of men who have an interest in escaping the punishment of evil hereafter being called to legislate in ecclesiastical affairs—I would advise him seriously to consider what men were invited to co-operate in ecclesiastical affairs—what secular influences were invoked—at this crisis. I do not ask him to draw the facts from any dubious and dangerous sources ; from Hallam, or Lord Macaulay, or Sir James Mackintosh, or Mr. Forster. Heylin's biography of the modern Cyprian is far more useful and decisive a testimony than

¹ It is not the least of the benefits which Mr. Forster has conferred on English history by his diligent researches at Port Eliot that he has thrown a clear and strong light upon this fact, which had been much misunderstood by historians, Whig as well as Tory. He has shown us that his noble hero was just as earnest on the subject of Papists and Arminians as Pym or any of the patriot leaders who had the strongest Puritan leanings. Yet he had no such leanings ; he was simply an earnest English Christian, fondly attached to the worship of his fathers, and suspected by the Puritans for his classical studies.

any of these. There we may learn some of the blessings of ecclesiastical discipline and of ecclesiastical courts. There we may learn how the meanest secular aids were invoked to assist their operations and secure their triumph. There—or anywhere else—we may learn what came of such experiments—what cause the Crown and the Church had to be thankful for them.

Dreary as it may be to repeat the old story about the way in which the monarch and the ecclesiastics after the Restoration profited by the divine lessons which had been read to them during the civil wars, the lesson can never be obsolete, and is surely wanted now more than ever. As illustrating the vitality of the Church, in spite of all that those who tried to regulate its doctrines did to destroy it, the contemplation must be a cheering, as well as a humbling one, to every serious English clergyman. *He* cannot wish to exaggerate offences into which he may so easily fall, or to assume the office which the Judge of all claims for Himself of determining the amount of guilt in one party or another. Many of us feel, and have expressed our conviction, that the Act of Uniformity had this compensation for the many evils which flowed from it, that it asserted worship to be the bond of fellowship to a nation; whilst the Westminster Assembly had tried—with what success we know—to hold it fast by dogmas. But, the more strong this conviction is in our minds, the more it must oblige us to regard the measures of restraint upon the preaching and meetings of the Nonconformists as a miserable adoption and imitation of the maxim upon which they in their hour of triumph had acted—a vulgar and suicidal proclamation that the Episcopalians were a vengeful sect, exulting in the possession of revenues, and in the favour of a Court which they could not hinder from being a scandal to the land,—whilst they were boasting that they constituted a National Church. Was that the way to teach men that worship binds men into one as members of God's forgiven family? Was that the

way of leading Englishmen to claim their privileges of confessing their sins against truth and charity to the Father whom they have grieved? Was it not the way to convince Protestant and Romish Nonconformists, that the Anglicans were trying to make their Church the exponent of a system which was neither national nor catholic?

That such a system must merge in a system more complete, more exclusive of all light and air, in a polity sustained by French money, and at last doing homage to a foreign ecclesiastic, the next reign showed conclusively. The *Religio Laici*, which Dryden wrote in Charles's day, the *Hind and Panther* which explains his conversion, are faithful documents respecting the vibrations of men of cultivated minds and somewhat loose morality between the two systems—exhibitions not of the mean dishonesty which Lord Macaulay unfairly imputes to the poet, but of the natural gravitation of troubled consciences and wearied intellects to repose. For the nation, if not for the individual man, the shock of the Revolution disturbed this gravitating tendency. However speculative philosophers in later times have interpreted that event, the authors of the Act of Settlement, embodying the deepest convictions of their time, read in it a sentence of God upon a monarch who had broken his covenant by seeking to set himself above laws. They felt that the supremacy of the monarch gave him no right to be absolute over the consciences of his subjects, but took away from him, as well as from all priests, native or foreign, any such right.

All such notions undoubtedly were much forgotten in the eighteenth century. Both in England and France theocracy began to mean the government of priests, not the government of a just God, and was hated accordingly. Both in England and France the belief in God was chiefly the recognition of an *Opifex Mundi*. Our first two Hanoverian princes partook of these feelings. The English Church as well as the English nation had some reason for regarding them as strangers ignorant

of our habits, institutions, language; inclined to involve us in Continental quarrels, not the least able to create in us any cordial Continental or human sympathies. But these sovereigns had surely their redeeming points. I cannot but regard that act of theirs, which English clergymen have been most disposed to denounce, as one of those redeeming points. Whatever motives led the first of them to close the doors of the Convocation, I question if an Alfred could have done a greater service to the nation, if a St. Louis could have promoted the interests of Christian life, more than he did by that suspension of the powers of the ecclesiastical synod. I say nothing against its revival in a later time. If it proves itself worthy of its faculty of speech, it will no doubt continue to exercise the faculty. But this I cannot doubt, that, if Convocation had been sitting when Wesley and Whitfield began their preaching, all the efforts of both Houses would have been exerted to silence that preaching and expel the preachers from the Church. More they could not have done at *that* time. Had the Star Chamber been at work, had Laud's spirit been prevalent in it, the noses of the Methodists would have been slit, their ears would have been cut off. What were the transgressions of the Puritans whom he silenced compared with theirs? or what denunciations against the entertainments of a Court and the upper classes to which Leighton or Prynne gave vent were more earnest and extravagant than those which proceeded from adherents of theirs? On both pleas they would have been condemned. If they escaped with only the reproofs and scorn of the Bishops and the brickbats of mobs, that was due to the suspension of ecclesiastical discipline through the influence of the sovereign. I do not say that if the Methodists had been ever so much fined or imprisoned their permanent influence would have been less; perhaps it would have been greater. But the Church was at least saved by the mercy of God from committing itself

to some great cruelty, probably to some fierce dogmatic conclusions against the spiritualism of the Methodists, which must have involved the materialism that was then so prevalent.

This last remark especially applies to the question of the present day which has tempted me into this long historical statement. The Court of Appeal which exists amongst us may or may not be the best possible. Any suggestions for its improvement should, of course, be patiently considered. But the charges which the Bishop of Capetown and Dr. Pusey bring against it—the evils in its administration which they hope to see corrected by the Court, whatever it be, which they will substitute for it—are, it seems to me, if the history of England is something better than “an old almanac,” the merits which shall endear it to our people generally, and to theologians and ministers of the Gospel especially, provided they derive their ideas of theology and of the Gospel from the Bible and the Catholic creeds. I will add, provided they desire a real union of the most earnest forms of belief at home; provided they wish for such fellowship, either with Protestants abroad or with Christians of the Latin and the Greek communions, as shall not rob us of our own English position. The accusation against the Privy Council is strictly and literally that it has not compelled Englishmen to accept a negative theology—a theology which consists in contradicting certain positions which different parties in the Church have put forward, which are very dear and sacred to those parties, but which are certain to become exclusive and contradictory if any of them were in the ascendant.

Let me explain myself. Feeling as strongly as you know that I do about the force of the words in the Catechism, making them the very ground of my preaching, you may imagine how little sympathy I felt with Mr. Gorham; how likely I should have been, if I had unhappily had the opportunity, to have condemned him, and with him all that large and valuable body of men who

have succeeded to the great awakeners of the Church out of its slumbers in the eighteenth century. Thank God! the case was taken out of the hands of such fanatics as I am. The Privy Council Court refused to pronounce a negative opinion upon the question which was submitted to them. They refused to say that the convictions of Mr. Gorham and of those who agreed with him were not consistent with honest adherence to our formularies, with continuance in the Church. They took away no right from us to express our convictions as earnestly and vehemently as we chose. It seems to me that they gave us a great encouragement to put them in a positive form, that they discouraged us from merely turning them into questions of controversy, from denouncing others who do not accept them. If what we hold is true—if it is connected with the life and education of our people—this must be a great advantage. And it must give us a courage and security in announcing what we believe. For a man may know what that is. And he cannot know what his opponents mean; he can only guess at that; he may make the most prodigious mistakes in judging it or setting it forth. His opponents' maxim may be actually necessary for the full statement of his own. It may fill a blank which his own partial apprehension has necessarily left.

Again, you will not suspect me of any special affection for those theories respecting the Eucharist which came forth from Archdeacon Denison, and were condemned by the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But I cannot help rejoicing that Archdeacon Denison sought relief from the present Court of Appeal, and that, acting upon its habitual maxim—though in this instance upon a bye-point—in consideration of the time during which the suit had been kept pending—it saved the defendant his living and his dignity. That by doing so it gave him an opportunity of abusing it, and of seeking to crush any of his brethren whom it may protect as it protected him, appears to me a very trifling

matter indeed. In no way does it signify greatly what becomes of individuals—except that every wise man would wish his opponents to escape the honours of martyrdom. But the interests of theology were saved, I believe, in Archdeacon Denison's case and in Mr. Gorham's, from a purely negative decision—one which is never so mischievous or fatal as in a question respecting the sacraments, which, if they mean anything, must transcend all theories, and may, as Hooker has taught, commend themselves to the deeper heart and spirit of those who are clinging to any theory.

The last decision of this Court of Appeal is quite in the spirit of its predecessors. It merely refuses to endorse a negation. It merely refuses to say all persons must reject a particular notion about inspiration or a particular notion about the punishment of the wicked hereafter. It is conceived in a temper of excellent modesty. Instead of being an assumption on the part of lay judges to decide what formulas are right on subjects so vast, reaching so high, descending so low, it is a distinct disclaimer of any such assumption. We do not see, it says, that such or such a mode of speaking about inspiration is condemned by the Articles; we do not see that such or such a mode of speaking about eternity is condemned by them. It may be a very inadequate mode; it may be a wrong mode. We decide nothing about that; if it is inadequate let it be filled up by other statements; if it is wrong let the right meet it and drive it out.

Is not that what a theologian who believes that he and his fellows are baptized into an infinite eternal Name immeasurable by human plummets, who accepts a creed which is the declaration of that Name, and a Bible which speaks of a love which passes knowledge, would desire? Can he wish that the convictions of particular men or particular ages should be used to destroy the mystery, and contract the revelation? Must he not count it safer and more pious to confess that God is taking the best and wisest methods of

discovering to us that we want a home and dwelling-place? If we had that faith, how much less we should rebel against what we must see is the order of His Providence! How ashamed we should be to wish that we could arrest the vicissitudes and perturbations of human opinions, or compel them to obey our direction! How sure we should be that they must be removing some obstacles which have hindered the full discovery of God's truth to the sons of men!

Dr. Pusey requires an Ecclesiastical Court of Appeal which shall do exactly the reverse of that which the mixed Court of Appeal already existing has done; which shall decree exactly where it has refused to decree, which shall condemn those whom it has refused to condemn. Imagine that! He calls for a Court of Justice which *shall* decree, which *shall* condemn. There is no mistake about it. He solemnly denounces and anathematizes all who shall not come to the conclusion which he affirms and determines to be the only right one. Can there be a better or more complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the notion of ecclesiastical justice? ¹ I say of *ecclesiastical* justice, for I think Dr. Pusey faithfully represents the spirit that is in us all. There must be in every priest who is sitting to judge in a case of doctrine an *arrière pensée* that he is meant to do something else, that he has another function—a higher function—than that of the judge. The thought that he is entrusted with a Gospel will intrude itself into his mind when he is exercising the office of a law-giver and a law administrator. The two offices will mingle together in his mind; and he will be spoiled for both by the mixture. In a very strict—and not an untrue sense—*Jura negat sibi nata*, and the consequence is that he does in the worst sense throw off the obligations of justice for himself and refuse

it to others. I cannot account for the crimes of good and honest priests in former days—I could not account for the spectacles we are witnessing constantly now—if I did not feel in myself this tendency, and were less conscious how it must work if by any melancholy accident I were entrusted with power to sit in judgment on those from whom I differ. *Castigatque auditque* might be just as truly Dr. Pusey's complaint against me in that event as it is mine against him now.²

But there are two or three reasons given us why we must have this kind of negative theology established among us, why no other is safe. The first and most commonly urged is this. If there is not a distinct religious system recognised among us, if departures from it are not visited by ecclesiastical censure, the laity can have no security whether they shall not hear one doctrine in one week from one preacher, a quite different one from another preacher, or from the same, a year after. I have heard this argument from a distinguished layman. I quite understood what he meant. His mode of dealing with his minister was the approved one.

"I thowt a said what a owt to a said, and I comed awaay."

Of course I sympathized with him. It was very hard for him if at any time a preacher should disturb him in his pew with some words which "A thowt he

² It may be thought that a cloistered divine is more prone to this kind of injustice than one who moves in the world. Recent experience does not confirm the distinction. Last session, a prelate—certainly not the one who has the least acquaintance with the habits and maxims of ordinary society—denounced from his place in the House of Lords a set of clergymen who could not reply to him, as men who had broken their engagements—though they had been absolved from that charge in the Queen's Court. Mr. Windham's celebrated phrase about Horne Tooke, which always excited astonishment in a gentleman of such breeding, was scarcely a precedent for a Christian Bishop. But the most remarkable part of this story has no parallel in the "acquitted felons." The Bishop was defending a vote of Convocation which rested on the ground that a book might be condemned without condemning the persons who wrote it!

¹ Oh no! Dr. Pusey will say. I admit an examination into the *fact*. That is to say, he allows his tribunal to inquire whether a certain man wrote a certain book; which no Englishman could deny if he would, or would deny if he could.

owt not to 'ave said;" but there are two points ever to be taken into consideration. The first is, whether there may not be a worse calamity than this; whether it might not be sometimes good for a hearer to ask himself, "What does that man mean?" if it only led him back to ask himself, "What do I mean?" whether an ecclesiastical court which made such self-questioning impossible would not insure great quiet to the laity by insuring a quiet infidelity, a quiet death to them. And, secondly, let it be inquired whether laymen *are* exempt from this danger of hearing different doctrines preached even in the same pulpit, even from the same person, and whether they are more likely to be exempt from it if our clergy are taught that they have a system of religion set down for them in the Articles. On this last point I must tell a story I have heard of a man of the highest logical power, who started with that very hypothesis, who would have had it most rigorously enforced. I have been told that his place was once in a great University, and that he exercised an influence there which was unprecedented. I have tried to ascertain whether he was able to follow the system to which he bound himself, whether those who heard him did gather the same lessons from his lips one year and in the year following. I would not have received any testimony on the subject but his own. On that I can rely implicitly. I find that he began by learning the profoundest truth concerning himself through Mr. Scott, the commentator; a truth which he has never forgotten, and hopes never to forget. But Mr. Scott's system does not satisfy him. The highest divines of the seventeenth century give him hints of something less merely personal, more concerning the body of the Church. Their system he endeavours to follow. It has antiquity for its basis. He is vehement against those who oppose it. Scotchmen resemble the Ten. Dissenters must be left to uncovenanted mercies. Liberals are his abomination. Romanists he shrinks from with terror. He will not hear of any relaxation in

Subscription to the Articles. Still this Anglican system does not content him. He wavers in his statements about it, in his methods of defending it. His followers waver still more. He finds he has not the sympathy of the Bishops. His countrymen evidently do not understand their own treasure. Is it a treasure? An article of Cardinal Wiseman shakes his opinion that it is. A half sentence of St. Augustine convinces him that it is not. The house of cards tumbles down. It must have a larger system, a world-wide system, an all-embracing system. His heart lingers over old times, old associations. But they must all be severed. Only a universal bishop can give him the universal system.

Now here is a record manifestly true, profoundly interesting; the record not merely of the experiences of a man, but of a movement which affected a number of men, which is affecting them still. Surely it comes with an overwhelming force to meet that argument of which I have spoken. You want a system, and ecclesiastical courts to enforce a system, that the laity may always have the same doctrine, that they may be disturbed with no new opinions. Mothers, we are told on high authority, tremble for their sons. Possibly: it is certain that numbers of them did tremble while Dr. Newman was preaching in Oxford. Did his fervent belief in a system allay their terrors? Did it secure them against vicissitudes of opinion in their children? Did not every Long Vacation show them a new phase of opinion?

But then—this is the second great reason—the English Church has chosen to enforce Articles upon us; while we are faithful to it, we must be faithful to the system of the Articles. It is nothing for me to say—for a number in every age to say—"We do not find a system in them. They have kept us from following systems; that is a reason which makes us feel grateful to them." All such language is treated with contempt. We are charged with direct dishonesty for using it. Be it so. Will you listen, then, to this testimony? Here is a man who longed for a system, longed to find

it in them, was driven from them in disgust because he could not find it. Here is one who, because he has the most logical and consistent mind of any who were engaged in the same movement with him, must desert the English Church, though he clings to it with a human fondness, such as one rarely discovers in those he has left behind, amidst all their bitter denunciations of those who are untrue to it.

And why might he not have clung to it? Why might not Mr. Scott's lessons have been felt each year with increasing force; why might not they have been expanded into discoveries of the sacredness of a national calling and a national life; why might not these have only been more fresh and vigorous because he could not be content without a Church of all kindreds and nations; of the past, the present, and the future; of those on earth, and those who have left the earth; such as the Bible would seem to teach us is established in Christ? Why not?—because the system stood in the way. Because the Scott system, the Anglican system, and the Romish system, must exclude each other, must each try to exist by itself, and to comprehend in its hard intellectual bands all living relations, all divine Persons.

There is a third argument, which I am almost ashamed to speak of, but which I see is exercising considerable influence. "The Dissenters turn us into ridicule, the Roman Catholics turn us into ridicule, for not being able to eject from our communion those whom we dislike. We might, perhaps, endure the scoffs of the *Patriot* newspaper, but, when we have listened to them, Dr. Manning and Cardinal Wiseman are upon us." An intolerable calamity, indeed! Yet, perhaps, like others, it may be faced if we can summon a little resolution. Let us meet each enemy by turn. (1) The Dissenting objection. That is easily removed. You have only to become a sect like one of their sects—frankly to avow that you are—and the difficulty is at an end. You may cashier your ministers, as they cashier theirs; the

State will not interfere. Well, you say we are prepared for that. We can cast away revenues, we can endure poverty. Who doubted it? You may accuse us of being mercenary; of binding ourselves by oaths, and of breaking them rather than part with some pelf. But we have not the least wish to retaliate the charge. We never doubted Dr. Pusey's willingness to make sacrifices for conscience' sake. But that is not the question. It is not, "Will you be poor?" but "Will you be a sect?" Will you give up all claim to be witnesses for the unity of the nation? Will you consent to be witnesses only for a certain separate system? It is because we do not consent to this that the Queen claims a right to deal with her ecclesiastical subjects just as she deals with her lay subjects; that she takes pains to have justice done to the first class, as well as to the second; that she does not leave them to the mercy of those who have solemnly declared beforehand what would be the result of the inquiry, and who invoke a furious public opinion to act upon those who swear to judge according to evidence and law.

(2) But Dr. Manning and Cardinal Wiseman—what shall we say to them? This. You ridicule the miserable condition of England. Perhaps it is very miserable. You say we shall never be happy till we acknowledge the Apostle who was crucified on the Janiculum as the ground of our faith. Well! let us go to the Janiculum, and see the model of a happy place. Perhaps that may induce us to think more of him who was crucified on the Janiculum than of Him who was crucified on Calvary. We have heard how sadly the Church is beset by the world in other parts of Europe; there, in Rome, we shall find the Eden which has kept itself unspotted from the world; there we shall learn what that heavenly society is which ecclesiastics are able to establish when they have the dominion in their own hands. Our countrymen do, in considerable numbers, endeavour to acquaint themselves with this chosen spot of the universe. I think they feel the power of its old associa-

tions, classical and mediæval, at least as much as the Italians feel them. I think some of them are at least as willing as ever to see in its modern life the realization of an ideal which has long dwelt in their minds. I am sure, if they found a priesthood powerful to suppress moral evils, to extinguish gambling, to put down brigandage, they would come back triumphantly and tell us what poor creatures we are, and how much good it would do us to be like these divine men of another faith. If we do not hear of such things—if we hear of a priesthood which is impotent for all these great ends; which is ready to make use of the worst means to accomplish the ends that it does consider sacred; which exhibits all the ugliest features of the world under the forms of the Church; which has utterly alienated the population that it rules, and has excited a longing in that population, in Italy, in Europe for deliverance—we are not, as I conceive, to turn these tidings into capital for Protestantism or the English Church; we are not to reject any hints which our Romanist advisers—be they cardinals, monsignori, or the poorest priests—may offer us respecting our evils and for our reformation. But we are most distinctly to say—"We cannot reform our evils by becoming imitators on a poor and feeble scale of this ecclesiastical government; the nearer we approach to it the further we shall recede from the kingdom of righteousness and peace; the less shall we be able to help other nations to claim their places in that kingdom."

These jokes of Dissenters and Romanists, be they ever so pointed, ought not then, I think, to move us much. It moves me very much more to see what kind of weapons an English Clergyman—not a vulgar agitator, but a divine of the devoutest character and purpose—is ready to use for the sake of securing a formal and judicial ratification of the sentence which has already gone forth from his lips against a number of those who possess the same ordination, who have taken the same vows

with himself. Read and consider this extract from his letter:—

"Pledges have been the fashion; and a general election is at no great distance. Let Churchmen, on the principle of the Anti-Corn-Law League, league themselves for 'the protection of the faith.' 'The Church is in danger,' has been, and will again be, a strong rallying-cry. And now the peril is not of some miserable temporal endowment, but of men's souls. Let men league together to support no candidate for Parliament who will not pledge himself to do what in him lies to reform a Court¹ which has in principle declared God's Word not to be His Word, and Eternity not to be Eternity. And let them support persons, of whatever politics, who will so pledge themselves. Let men bind themselves not to give over, but to continue besieging the House of Parliament by their petitions, and beseeching Almighty God in their prayers, until they shall obtain some security against this State-protection of unbelief. Better be members of the poorest Church in Christendom, which can repel 'the wolves which spare not the flock,' than of the richest, in which the State forces us to accept as her ministers those whom our Lord calls 'ravening wolves.' Withal see we to it, that we pray God earnestly day by day to stem this flood of ungodliness, and to convert those who are now, alas! enemies of the faith and of God."

You see what we are told here. All the agencies of a contested election, all the furious passions of the different parties of the land, all their most grovelling interests, are to be invoked for the purpose of exalting what is called the spiritual power above the secular. All ques-

¹ "It has been suggested, that no church should be offered for consecration, no sums given for the building of churches, which by consecration should become the property of the present Church of England, no sums given for endowment in perpetuity, until the present heresy-legalizing Court shall be modified. This will show our rulers that we are in earnest."

tions concerning the improvement of the dwellings of the people, concerning their education, concerning the well-being of the myriads in India and in our colonies, are to be treated as nothing; the one question asked of every candidate is to be—"Sir, will you, or will you not, "vote for the abolition of the present "Court of Appeal in questions of doctrine?" The most reckless adventurer, the most profligate man, who will give the proper answer to the question, is to be preferred to the most mature statesman, to the most virtuous Christian, who answers it wrongly, or refuses to answer it at all. I entreat all Englishmen, I entreat all thoughtful men in the colonies, to read and weigh this programme, to consider from whom it has proceeded, and how deliberate it is. That is Dr. Pusey's way of proving that he is in earnest. I do not say that such earnestness may not be attended with a considerable measure of success. Parties among us are nicely balanced. The number of Tories, or Whigs, or Radicals, who may be ready to take this pledge in hopes of securing the votes of the clergy I cannot the least calculate. Nor can I make another calculation. Dr. Pusey says, "It is a question of immortal souls." It is, indeed! The souls of candidates, which may be made knavish and hypocritical by these engagements—the souls of electors, which may be drawn into drunkenness and ferocity, now as in former days, by the shriek of "The Church in danger"—I believe no man is able to estimate. The whole system of pledges I hold to be an unconstitutional, immoral, godless one. And there are no persons on whom they operate so mischievously as upon ambitious young men eager to obtain seats in parliament, not debased, but not over scrupulous in conscience, willing to make their way by fair means, if possible, but ready to obtain help by identifying themselves with some opinion which will tell on the hustings, and which may be afterwards explained away in Parliament. How many noble souls have been destroyed by these temptations, none, I should

think, might know better than a Canon of Christ Church. And he is the person himself to bait the hook!

My dear Sir, while I have been talking so much about ourselves, and about the world in general, I have not forgotten you. I thought, as I said at the beginning of my letter, that I should help you best by showing you how much the question which is likely to agitate every colony is the same with that which is now occupying the mother-country and the old world. The word Mother-Country may cease to have a meaning for you. I cannot tell how soon the time of separation may be appointed for any of you. But surely you will strive that it may not occur in its most bitter and aggravated form, and that the clergy may not be the instruments in making the breach. I remember, when the first movement for the establishment of colonial bishoprics was commenced, what sympathy it excited among many statesmen interested in the well-being of the colonies—some from whom I should have expected no such feeling—because it seemed to them the method most likely to make the religious feelings of the colonists a bond of union, and not a cause of separation, among themselves, and between them and the natives. I remember how "beautiful souls," little troubled about political considerations, welcomed it with a sympathy still keener, because they thought the Bishops would teach the new world what a fatherly government is, and so in the best manner link it to the old world. Are the hopes of both to be equally disappointed? Whilst you call yourselves our dependencies, are we to think that we have only helped to confuse you respecting all your relations and duties; that we have sent among you that which is to renew the worst contentions of the former ages of Christendom mixed with all the special perplexities of our own? If you should leave us, are we to think that we have cast you off dowered with the curse of a civil and religious war?

My friend, God will assuredly bring good even from the evil if it should be

in store for you. The mere condemnation of principles which are dear to many of us should not cause us trouble ; that may give them strength and diffusion. If the ecclesiastical courts are established here or among you, they will assuredly introduce persecution ; and persecution, now as of old, carries blessings with it. I think it seems to have had that effect upon one of the persons most interested in the Capetown controversy. I sympathized as little as you did with the Bishop of Natal, while I thought he was leading our people to question the worth of the Mosaic records, for I find in them the great testimonies to God as the Deliverer of a Nation, and the Author of its law. But I sympathized intensely with his mild and Christian-like "Remarks on the recent proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown," and of his "Letter to the Laity of the Diocese of Natal." There are many passages in both to which I might take exception, but on the whole they seem to me manly and excellent protests against injustice and oppression ; most opportune vindications of the liberty of the Church, as well as of the authority of the Queen.

I am anxious to bear that testimony to you, because you will perceive from the tone of this letter how thoroughly I am convinced the Bible is now, as it was in past time, the great and effectual testimony on behalf of God's kingdom and therefore of human freedom. Whatever weakens its power is, I am satisfied, injurious to both. But I am also satisfied that all inquiries will strengthen its power, and that ecclesiastical courts, under pretence of exalting it, will do all that in them lies to make it a dead letter, to crush it under their interpretations, to hide it from the people.

Let us try for this reason, and not for any fear of what they may do against us, to hinder their establishment. But let us resort to no election cries, no contrivances for bribing candidates and electors, or terrifying Prime Ministers. Those whose aim is to promote secularity in the clergy and laity will adopt such practices, to show that they are in earnest. Those who love God and His truth, I trust, will utterly despise them.

Yours very truly,

F. D. MAURICE.

THE STORY OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

TOLD TO TWO CHILDREN.

AND so you want a fairy tale,
My little maidens twain ?
Well, sit beside the waterfall,
Noisy with last night's rain ;

On couch of moss, with elfin spears
Bristling, all fierce to see,
When from the yet brown moor down
drops
The lonely April bee.

All the wide valley blushes green,
While, in far depths below,
Wharfe flashes out a great bright eye,
Then hides his shining flow ;—

Wharfe, busy, restless, rapid Wharfe,
The glory of our dale ;
O, I could of the River Wharfe
Tell such a fairy tale !

"The Boy of Egremont," you cry,—
"And all the 'bootless bene :'
We know that poem, every word,
And we the Strid have seen."

No, clever damsels : though the tale
Seems still to bear a part,
In every lave of Wharfe's bright wave,
The broken mother's heart—

Little you know of broken hearts,
My Kitty, blithe and wise,
Grave Mary, with the woman soul
Dawning through childish eyes.

And long, long distant may God keep
The day when each shall know
The entrance to His kingdom through
His baptism of woe!

But yet 'tis good to hear of grief
Which He permits to be ;
Even as in our green inland home
We talk of wrecks at sea.

So on this lovely day, when spring
Wakes soft o'er moor and dale,
I'll tell—not quite your wish—but yet
A noble "fairy" tale.

* * * *

'Twas six o'clock in the morning,
The sea like crystal lay,
When the good troop-ship "Birkenhead"
Set sail from Simon's Bay.

The Cape of Good Hope on her right
Gloomed at her through the noon :
Brief tropic twilight fled, and night
Fell suddenly and soon.

At eight o'clock in the evening
Dim grew the pleasant land ;
O'er smoothest seas the southern heaven
Its starry arch out-spanned.

The soldiers on the bulwarks leaned,
Smoked, chatted ; and below
The soldiers' wives sang babes to sleep,
While on the ship sailed slow.

Six hundred and thirty souls held she,
Good, bad, old, young, rich, poor ;
Six hundred and thirty living souls—
God knew them all.—Secure.

He counted them in His right hand,
That held the hungry seas ;
And to four hundred came a voice—
"The Master hath need of these."

* * * *

On, onward still the vessel went,
Till, with a sudden shock,
Like one that's clutched by unseen
Death,
She struck upon a rock.
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She filled. Not hours, not minutes left ;
Each second a life's gone :
Drowned in their berths, washed over-
board,
Lost, swimming, one by one ;

Till, o'er this chaos of despair
Rose, like celestial breath,
The law of order, discipline,
Obedience unto death.

The soldiers mustered upon deck,
As mute as on parade ;
"Women and children to the boats !"
And not a man gainsaid.

Without a murmur or a moan
They stood, formed rank and file,
Between the dreadful crystal seas
And the sky's dreadful smile.

In face of death they did their work
As they in life would do,
Embarking at a quiet quay—
A quiet, silent crew.

"Now each man for himself. To the
boats !"

Arose a passing cry.
The soldier-captain answered, "Swamp
The women and babes !—No, die !"

And so they died. Each in his place,
Obedient to command
They went down with the sinking ship,
Went down in sight of land.

The great sea oped her mouth, and closed
O'er them. Awhile they trod
The valley of the shadow of death,
And then were safe with God.

* * * *

My little girlies—What ! your tears
Are dropping on the grass,
Over my more than "fairy" tale,
A tale that "really was !"

Nay, dry them. If we could but see
The joy in angels' eyes
O'er good lives, or heroic deaths
Of pure self-sacrifice,—

We should not weep o'er these that
sleep,—

Their short, sharp struggle o'er,—
Under the rolling waves that break
Upon the Afric shore.

God works not as man works, nor sees
As man sees: though we mark
Ofttimes the moving of His hands
Beneath the eternal Dark.

But yet we know that all is well :

That He, who loved all these,
Loves children laughing on the moor,
Birds singing in the trees ;

That He, who made both life and
death,

He knoweth which is best :
We live to Him, we die to Him,
And leave Him all the rest.

D. M. MULOCK.

ON "INTERVENTION," MATERIAL AND MORAL.

BY LORD HOBART.

IN an ordinary community violence and bloodshed are prevented, and the rights of individuals so far as is possible secured to them, by legal institutions. Laws, and executive arrangements under the sanction of laws, are made for the protection of person and property ; tribunals are erected, some for the trial of persons charged with offences against those laws, others for the settlement of disputes and conflicting claims which cannot be amicably arranged ; and means are provided to prevent any attempt at a violent solution of such differences. These institutions depend for their efficacy mainly upon their fulfilment of two conditions,—first, that the tribunals thus created are impartial, that is, that they are composed of men who have no personal interest in the result of their decisions ; and, secondly, that the community has at its disposal such an amount of physical force as precludes all chance of successful resistance to their decrees. If the first condition were wanting, such measures might prevent violence and bloodshed, but they would do so at the cost of justice, while they would entirely fail to afford security for just dealing as between the members of the community. If the second condition were wanting, they would accomplish neither one nor the other of these objects.

In a community composed of nations no such institutions are possible. Tri-

bunals might indeed be established, consisting of one or more states, for the settlement of disputes and claims which did not admit of amicable adjustment, and for the trial of offences against the recognised rights of property or sovereignty resident in each state ; but such tribunals would be inefficacious, because it would be in the power of any nation, unless to an exceptional degree deficient in physical force, to resist their decisions with more or less probability of success, and because the condition of international relations is such that, in almost every case brought before a state thus armed with judicial authority, its own interests would in some way or other be concerned. Thus the first of the conditions above mentioned, that of impartiality, as well as the second, that of sufficient coercive power, would be absent from such authorities. Regular executive arrangements for the preservation of order and the prompt suppression of violence are for the same reasons impracticable in such a society. Its members may, and do, agree among themselves, tacitly or explicitly, that certain proceedings on the part of one towards another, analogous to outrages upon person and property in an individual community, are crimes, and if possible to repress them ; and they may agree, and have agreed, with a view to the general welfare, upon rules for the settlement of certain questions of inter-

national equity which experience has shown to be constantly arising in their dealings with each other whether in peace or war. But even these arrangements, expressed or understood, which are dignified with the name of "International law," and which, if enforced without resistance, would mitigate only to a small extent the evils consequent on the absence of legal institutions, they have no absolute power to enforce. Any nation may, if it pleases, resist to the utmost the application of such regulations to itself; and even in the event of a combination of powerful states to enforce them, which international jealousies make difficult and rare, an expensive and calamitous war might be necessary for the purpose.

The community of nations, then, is a community in which law, in the ordinary sense of the term,—the sense in which it subsists and is effectual in an ordinary society,—has no existence. The natural consequences of anarchy follow. The military power possessed by each nation being its only means of defence against aggression or insult, and of obtaining that to which it considers itself entitled, or which, without any such consideration, it is resolved to obtain, blood will from time to time be shed, and acts of injustice will be committed or contemplated, either by means of successful war, or where there is a great superiority of force, without any disturbance of the peace of the world. Is it, then, or is it not, the right or the duty of a nation, besides providing for the defence of its own territory and for the maintenance of its own rights and interests, to interfere by force with the proceedings of one state towards another, or between two parties in the same state, for the purpose either of preventing bloodshed, or of securing justice, or for both these objects combined? Such is the question which the more powerful nations are perpetually called upon to solve, but of which, though it has become the battleground of conflicting opinions whose watchwords are "intervention" and "non-intervention," very little attempt has yet been made at a scientific solution.

Now it is obvious that there are many cases in which a nation may, as it would ordinarily be expressed, have the "right" to intervene, but in which it may be deterred from doing so by the consideration that intervention could only be successful either at the cost to itself of irresistible armaments, or at the cost to itself and to the world at large of actual war. In order therefore to determine whether, in a given state of affairs, not requiring action on account of its own rights or interests, a nation ought to intervene, it is necessary to inquire, first, whether the case is one in which it might properly intervene supposing that it could do so without expense to itself, and without actual war; and, secondly, if so, how far it is justified in intervening, if one or both of these evils must be the consequence of the measure. If the distinction between these two questions had been borne in mind, much confusion of thought and misapprehension on this subject would have been avoided. It is objected, for instance, to the supporters of non-intervention, that they are advocating a "selfish" policy. It is clear, however, that the objection cannot possibly apply to an advocacy of it which is based upon the ground that a negative answer must be given to the first of these questions. It is only where non-intervention is the result of considerations such as those to which the second question relates, that any pretext whatever is afforded for imputing selfishness to the policy. How far such an imputation would be well-founded we shall presently have occasion to consider.

First, then, what are the cases in which a nation would have a right to intervene, supposing that it could do so without expense to itself, and without having recourse to war? It seems probable that, in the general opinion, there would, on such a supposition, be scarcely any limit to that right, at least as between distinct nations. Yet it is certain that in a large class even of international dissensions no such right would exist. The disputes or conflicts in which any two nations may engage are, many of

them, of a kind in which a third nation, not itself concerned in the result, has no sort of qualification for passing judgment, and therefore no right whatever to interpose. In general, it may be said that, where the subject-matter of the quarrel is one which, fairly considered, admits of dispute,—where the proceeding which it is proposed to prevent is one of which the criminality or injustice is matter of question,—in other words, where the case is such as, if brought before a legal tribunal, would be decided upon, not as presenting no sort of doubt or difficulty, but only after discussion or deliberation,—“intervention” is not justifiable. In such circumstances neither of the two nations concerned can be expected, or ought to be compelled, to accept the decision of a third, which is neither invested by common consent with judicial authority, nor is possessed of any qualities entitling it to decide. The tribunals by which, in an ordinary community, such differences are settled are deliberately selected by the society itself, and are supposed to be endowed with information or intelligence peculiarly fitting them for the purpose in view, and to be wholly free from personal interests in the questions submitted to them; in all of which qualifications (in two of them invariably, and in the third very frequently) an intervening state is deficient. As regards intelligence, not only is there no special qualification, but the dense ignorance which exists in all countries as to the political condition of others, and as to the views, opinions, and modes of thought prevalent in them, and the apparent impossibility which pervades a body-politic of looking at international questions from any point of view but its own, constitute a positive disqualification for judicial power. As regards impartiality, there is, by the supposition, no such direct interest in the issue as could be supposed to justify intervention; but the circumstances of the case are almost always such as to ensure a very decided bias in the judgment formed of them in a third country. Considerations as to the manner in which its own

trade will be affected, jealousy of the growing wealth and power of other states, historical associations, dynastic alliances, antipathies of race, and prejudices of education, as well as other causes, operate with nearly absolute certainty, where there is any doubt as to the justice of the case, to preclude impartial judgment. Accordingly, we find that the verdicts pronounced by nations upon the conduct of their neighbours have, in by far the greater number of such instances, been wrong. “In the large volume of human folly there is no page longer or more discreditable than that which contains the judgments of nations upon each other.”¹ Even if this were not the case, the enforcement of such judgments would be indefensible, the objection to it being not only that they are frequently or generally wrong, but also that those against whom they are directed cannot fairly be expected to accept them. It may be said that, since the community of nations is one in which law, as ordinarily understood, does not exist, the world must be content with the best substitute that can be found for it, and that it is better that the peace should be preserved by the self-constituted authority of any one or more states, to whatever objection on the score of justice this may be liable, than that it should be perpetually broken for the purpose of deciding questions otherwise insoluble. But this argument proceeds upon a wrong estimate of the comparative value of justice and of peace. It is true that the question at issue is as likely to receive an unjust solution when it is settled by a trial of strength between the disputants, as when it is settled by the fiat of an authority incompetent to decide. But in the former case the nation which, being in the right, is compelled to yield, has at least had the opportunity of using its best efforts for the satisfaction of its claims, and the chance of successfully asserting them; in the other, it is allowed no voice whatever in the matter. In the one case there is the single injustice of

¹ Sir G. C. Lewis, “Dialogue on the Best Form of Government.”

a wrong solution ; in the other there is the double injustice of a wrong solution, and of its enforcement by an unqualified authority.

It is, of course, possible to conceive a condition of affairs in which the rule here contended for must be exceptionally disregarded. A war, for instance, carried on with unusual ferocity, protracted beyond all ordinary duration, and of which the termination seemed still distant, might be an instance of the kind ; for the necessity of putting an end to such a war might have become paramount to all other considerations. But, in order that a particular event may be entitled to such exceptional treatment, it must possess strongly marked features distinguishing it clearly from almost every recorded occurrence of a similar kind.

It appears, then, that there is a large class of international dissensions in which a state not directly interested in their issue could not, under any circumstances, justifiably interpose. But there is another class of them in which the interposition of such a state would, apart from all consideration of its cost in money and in human life, not only be justifiable, but desirable. A clear and unquestionable breach of any of the well-understood and generally recognised rules of international law (including among them the obligation of such treaties or diplomatic compacts as have not been invalidated by subsequent events or by the mere progress of civilization¹) would be one ground for such interposition. The reasons which we have found to exist against it, where the point at issue was one admitting of doubt and argument on the score of legality or justice, are here inapplicable. Not only a combination

of states, but, if that was impossible, any one state, would have the right, on the present hypothesis, to compel obedience to a rule which had been made by all of them for the general good. The want of those attributes (regular constitution, special intelligence, and impartiality) which, as already observed, justify the coercive action of legal authorities, does not in this class of cases, as it did in the former, disqualify a nation from acting as a substitute for such authorities. There being no reasonable doubt that the crime is being committed or is contemplated, and none at all as to the identity of the criminal, there is no question here of misjudgment either owing to ignorance, or to bias arising from personal interest for or against the accused. The defect of self-constitution is the only one of the three from which the intervening authority, if it consisted not of a general congress, but only of one or two or a minority of the whole body, would suffer ; but this must be considered as a defect of little importance when set against the object of the intervention. For the same reasons, the decided and obvious breach of any great principle of international justice sanctioned by the moral sense of mankind, or the violation of any of those axioms of right and wrong, which, not falling within any positive rule of international law, are yet fully established and unhesitatingly appealed to by nations in their intercourse with each other, or which, though they may not be accepted by all governments, are so by the majority of educated men, would afford another ground on which intervention might be justifiable. The wholly unprovoked aggression of one state upon another, or the seizure of its territory without anything like a fair or rational excuse for doing so, would be obvious instances of such misconduct. The French occupation of Rome—one of the most lawless acts ever committed by a nation—and the suppression in 1849 by a Russian army of the Hungarian insurrection, are clear examples of it ; for, in what-

¹ Contingencies in which any nation is required by the stipulations of a treaty, either singly or with other countries, to interpose (among which some of the proceedings recently taken by Germany towards Denmark in reference to Schleswig-Holstein must, it would appear, be classed) are not here in question. The intervention considered in this paper is that to which nations are not bound by any special and explicit obligation.

ever cases interference in the civil dissensions of foreign states may be justifiable, it is certain that to assist a government in crushing the liberties of the people over whom it rules is an act of flagrant immorality. The two latter instances are of value as illustrating with singular force the distinction between the two questions now under consideration; for they are of a kind in which, as regards the part to be taken by this or any other country, the duty of intervention considered apart from the price to be paid for it, and the duty of non-intervention in the actual state of the case, are equally clear.

Thus far with respect to "intervention" as regards the proceedings of one state towards another. Take next the contingency of a contest between two parties in the same state. It is easy to see that in this case the objections to intervention are far more cogent and comprehensive than when the quarrel is between distinct nations. The general body of states has obviously far less concern with the internal affairs of one of its members than with the proceedings of its members towards one another. The principle which in an ordinary community is fully recognised, that each of the individuals comprising it ought to be allowed to regulate his own concerns as he thinks fit, so long as he abstains from injuring others, holds good also for the community of nations; and this principle, superadded to the reasons which we have found to exist as against the right of interference in a large class of international transactions, tends to confine that right within the very narrowest limits as regards civil contests. Such interference is, as we have seen, justifiable, even as between distinct nations, only when some universally admitted rule of international law, or some great principle of justice or humanity, has obviously and undeniably been infringed. As between two parties in the same state, international law does not apply; and, as regards the great principles of justice or humanity, it is obvious that the case is very dif-

ferent when they are contravened by a member of the community, not as against other members of it, but as against itself. Take the frequent instance of a people rising against tyrannical rulers. On which side justice lies does not admit of a doubt. Yet even in this case foreign intervention cannot be justified, and that for these reasons:—Firstly, That the wrong done is not done to any individual of the society of which the interposing state is a member, and as a member of which, and as such only, it has any right to interfere; and, secondly, because such intervention would violate the wholesome rule which, apart from all question whether it is on the right or the wrong side, condemns the interference of one state in the internal concerns of another. The justification of this rule as applicable to the contingency now under consideration is sufficiently evident. For a people which owes its freedom to foreign bayonets, and not to such a sense of the value of the possession as would give it courage and endurance sufficient to ensure the ultimate success of its efforts, will neither enjoy nor preserve it.

It appears, then, that, except in those rare and extreme cases in which, in political as in other sciences, it is sometimes necessary to set aside established laws, intervention in the civil differences of foreign states is, irrespectively of all question as to the amount of resistance with which it will be met, unjustifiable. The conditions of the question are altered when one of the parties to the contest is of a distinct race, or has preserved a separate nationality, as, for instance, in the struggle of Belgium with Holland, of Poland with Russia, or of Italy with Austria. In so far as such conflicts are not between a people and its native rulers, but of a people against the superior power of foreign rulers, they fall within the rules which we have found to be applicable to quarrels between distinct nations. In so far then as they are of this character, whenever the justice of the case is palpably and wholly on one side, so that, by the conduct of the opposite party,

either some universally recognised rule of public law, or some fundamental principle of morality, or some undoubted right incidental to humanity, such as that of a nation to reject the yoke of a foreign government, has been broken, there can be no doubt that intervention would, on our present supposition that its object could be effected without expense and without war, be both lawful and desirable. But, in each instance, the double category to which such contests belong, and the degree in which they belong to each, must be taken into consideration in any question as to the right of intervention. In the contest, for instance, of Italy with Austria, the element of distinct nationality so far predominates as that the case may fairly be considered to come under the rules by which the right of intervention between separate nations is determined; and, judged by these rules, it is a case in which intervention, on the present hypothesis, might properly be exercised. As regards Poland, on the other hand, and as regards Hungary, the occurrences have in their nature more of insurrection against native rulers than of resistance to a foreign yoke, and in them therefore the right of a foreign state to pass judgment is less clearly assured.

We have hitherto considered the question as one respecting a single state acting by itself. It is evident, however, on looking to the grounds of the conclusions at which we have arrived, that the association with it of one or two other states cannot materially modify those conclusions. And, practically speaking, it is as concerning the action of one, or two, or at most three states, that the question presents itself; the conflicting interests, real or supposed, of nations in general rendering them, amongst other causes, unable in most cases to arrive at, and unwilling to attempt, a solution by means of a congress. But, in order that the inquiry may be complete, it is necessary to consider whether the case would be altered if the decision were to emanate from such a body. In events of such a character as to fall within the class with respect to

which we have found, as between distinct nations, that intervention was justifiable on the part of a single state, it is needless to observe that the interposition of a majority of states would be equally so; while it would be preferable as affording less excuse for that sense of injustice which is sure to be felt by any nation coerced by the authority of one or two others. But would it not also be justifiable, in respect to events of that class in which it has been seen that the intervention of one or two states, or of a majority of them, would not be so? Those events were, to describe them in general terms, events in which the matter in dispute was one with respect to which two opposite opinions might fairly be held, there being on each side, as it is termed, a "colourable" case; and the ground on which it appeared that in such circumstances intervention was indefensible was the absence from the intervening power of three elements of qualification for judicial authority—constitution by the general body, special intelligence, and impartiality. Now of these qualifications, the first, though not literally, may be considered to be virtually possessed by a majority of states. To the second, though the misapprehension which prevails in every nation in regard to the affairs of other nations is such as in a great measure to disqualify even a congress for the purpose under consideration, a majority of states has necessarily more claim than a minority of them. As regards the third, that of impartiality, there seems no more to be said in favour of the former than of the latter; the strong personal interest of most nations in every international difficulty which arises being, as already observed, one of the chief causes which have led to the opinion that a congress is a futile expedient for their solution. On the whole, it may be concluded, as regards differences of this class, that even a majority of the states composing the general community, though less open to objection as an authority pronouncing judgment than one, or two, or a minority of them, would not be free from it; and

that coercion by such a body would be a measure of doubtful justice. It is true that power to make laws for the community must be considered to reside in a majority of its members. But it is one thing to make laws, and another to apply them, when they are made, to particular cases in which the interest of the administrators is involved. Where the dispute is between two parties in the same state, the reasons which would condemn the intervention of a single state are valid also against that of a congress. In those extreme cases, in which only we have found that intervention would be defensible on the part of a single state, it would obviously be more easy to defend, because bearing a greater weight of judicial authority, if it were the act of a congress.

Having thus obtained an answer to the first question—viz. what are the cases in which, its own interests not being concerned, a nation would have the right to intervene, supposing that it could do so without expense to itself, and without actual war—we proceed to consider the second, viz. how far, in such cases, a nation is justified in intervening, if to do so successfully it must either incur the expense of irresistible armaments, or must engage in war, to its own detriment and that of the general community.

Now the proper objects of intervention are (as has been seen) first, to prevent or redress injustice; and, secondly, to prevent or put an end to violence and bloodshed. But, in order that the first of these objects may be attained, it is in many cases not only necessary, but desirable, to sacrifice the second. For it is obvious that, if the nation against which the intervention is directed is powerful, and that on whose behalf it is exerted is weak, the intervention, so far from preventing war or shortening its duration, will in all probability ensure and prolong it. Even, therefore, if the question was one affecting the general interest only, it is obvious that a nation should be cautious in entering upon such a war, and should carefully consider whether the case is

one of those in which the sacrifice referred to will be necessary to success, and, if so, whether success is desirable. But the question does not affect the general interest only. It concerns also in an especial degree the interest of the interposing state itself. By the supposition, that state undertakes the task not for its own advantage, but for the sake of justice or of peace—that is, for the general good. By the supposition also it incurs some expense and suffering for that object; and the question is, whether it is called upon to incur, or is justified in incurring them. In the community of nations, owing to the absence of established laws, each nation is charged with the defence of its own territory and the maintenance of its own rights, and is compelled to support for the purpose large and expensive armaments. If it voluntarily goes beyond this, and submits to further expense for the sake of preserving peace or of enforcing justice as between other countries, it does more than can reasonably be required or expected of it. The burden of self-defence is one of the necessary evils which anarchy imposes; the burden of defending others is gratuitous and self-imposed. It is certain that no nation can properly be condemned because it refuses to injure itself for the benefit of the rest of the community. But, though the refusal to adopt such a course may not be censurable, would not its adoption be justifiable and commendable? The answer is, that self-sacrifice is commendable only when the object in view bears a reasonable proportion to the amount of self-inflicted injury. Unless there is a due ratio between the suffering submitted to and the object to be attained, self-sacrifice is not heroism, but Quixotism. But, in counting the cost to a nation of any such act of generosity, it must be remembered that the cost falls with very different pressure upon the different classes of which the nation is composed. In almost every country there is a very numerous class of persons many of whom are undergoing the misery of absolute pauperism, and many more,

"pressing hard upon the limits of subsistence," who contrive to obtain the bare necessities of life at the cost of unremitting labour. Now upon this class, comprising as it probably does the great majority of the "working classes," any very considerable increase of taxation falls with disastrous and terrible effect. It is indubitable that any measure by which the national expenditure is largely increased makes, especially in this country, to many the difference between bare subsistence and destitution, to many more the difference between tolerable comfort and bare subsistence. It is a fact from which there is no escape. Either in the enhanced price of the commodities which they consume, or, if the additional taxation is so adjusted as to fall in the first instance upon the richer classes, in a reduction of the wages of labour consequent on the diminution of the fund available for its employment, those to whom the option is given of work, the workhouse, or starvation, will bitterly feel the change; and, before the nation determines to take a step which is not required of it, and largely to increase its expenditure for the purpose of intervention on behalf of others, it is bound to consider whether it has a right to inflict such an amount of suffering upon its own poor. If the measure were demanded by international justice—that is, by the duty which a state owes to the general community—the case would be different. But no such demand (as we have seen) is made. The question is one not of justice, but of generosity—of self-sacrifice not for imperative duty, but for gratuitous benevolence—an object for which, it may safely be said, no nation has a right to inflict acute misery upon a large part of its population.

From these considerations it seems to follow that any nation in which, as in this country, there is a class of any numerical importance which is habitually on the verge of poverty, ought to abstain from all interference in international transactions not concerning itself which involves any material ad-

dition to its fiscal burdens. If, on the other hand, it can intervene, with a probability of success, and without any such addition to its expenditure, there is no objection, on the score of a due regard for its own welfare, to intervention; and the self-sacrifice which such an act involved would then be laudable. Such, for instance, might be the case where the nation against which the intervention was directed was greatly inferior in military strength, or where, by obtaining the assistance of other nations, the intervening state could bring against it a great superiority of force. It must be borne in mind, too, that the increase of expenditure objected to is such an increase as would seriously affect the indigent classes, and that, although every addition to taxation must in some degree affect them, it is only by a very large and decided addition to it that they can be materially injured.

A mere literal fulfilment, however, of the condition here insisted on would not be sufficient. For a nation may be able to take up arms for the purpose of intervention without any addition to its expenditure, simply because it is in the habit of supporting large armaments in order that it may be in a condition to interfere whenever it pleases in the disputes of foreign states. For the due observance of the rule it is necessary that the force to be employed should not be considerably more expensive than that which the nation is compelled to maintain for the defence of its own territory and the protection of its own rights and interests. The maintenance of large armaments with a view to contingencies not affecting the national interests is in itself a violation of the rule. Thus, in order to justify the late intervention of France on behalf of Italy, it ought to be shown not only that she made for the purpose no such addition to her military establishments as added largely to her expenditure, but that those establishments were not habitually more costly than they would have been but for her general practice of interfering in quarrels in which she is not concerned.

It appears, then, that, in order to determine whether, in any given transaction of the class in which (as we have found in reply to the first question) the mere "right" of intervention exists, it ought, either singly or with other powers, to intervene, a nation has to consider, first, with reference to the general interest, whether its intervention would not occasion an amount of violence and bloodshed such as would be a greater evil than the wrongdoing which it is intended to prevent; and, secondly, with reference to its own interest, whether the proceeding would not involve so great an increase of taxation as would bring serious calamity upon a large number of its people. If these questions can be satisfactorily answered, intervention becomes in every such instance not only a right, but a duty.

In the preceding observations an attempt has been made to arrive at some intelligible and rational rule by which a nation may be guided in any question of armed interposition in international or civil dissensions which do not concern itself. It would seem, indeed, that in this country the difficulty has been summarily solved by the determination to abstain absolutely from all such interference. But, as this determination, in so far as it is not the product of mere selfishness, appears to rest on a very vague and indefinite foundation, it can scarcely be expected to be permanent. In the meantime, there is another kind of intervention, which appears to be tolerated by public opinion, and which, for want of a better term equally concise, may be called "moral intervention;" that is, interposition in the way of censure, protest, or remonstrance. This species of interference is the subject of much controversy. Some persons consider that a nation may properly and laudably exercise it in all instances of conduct on the part of one foreign state towards another, or of one party in the same state towards another party in it, of which that nation disapproves. Others are of opinion that such interposition ought

never to take place unless where the interposing state is prepared to follow up its remonstrances by war. Neither the one nor the other of these opinions seems to be founded in reason. With respect to the first, we have seen that it is only in a certain class of international dissensions, which it was the object of the first of the questions above proposed to define, that any state can properly claim to pass judgment, while in civil dissensions, properly so called, it has no right to pass judgment at all; and, on the other hand, there seems no reason why it should abstain from expressing its opinion merely on the ground that, from considerations of its own and of the general interest, it would not be justified in a declaration or a menace of war. The only reasonable ground (as it would seem) on which such an expression of opinion could be considered inexpedient is, that it would be useless. But this is certainly far from being the case. The instances in which judgment would be given are those in which some generally admitted rule of public law, or some broad and elementary principle of justice, has been unquestionably violated; and in these there can be no doubt that the influence of public opinion in other countries operates with a highly deterrent effect upon wrongdoers, or that a firm and temperate remonstrance on the part of any influential state may have the best effect, if not in preventing or mitigating the wrong, at least in preventing its recurrence. In evidence of this, it is sufficient to point to the circumstances attending the French occupation of Rome; in which the wrong done was not only clear to all right-minded persons, but the wrong done, and the effect of public opinion in ultimately requiring its discontinuance, have recently been admitted by the perpetrator himself. The error so frequently committed by nations is not in protesting where they will not strike, but in protesting where they have no right to protest; that is, in cases not belonging to the category of those in which only they are entitled to pronounce an opinion. Upon the mischievous character of such

proceedings there is no need to dwell. If they happen to be based on an erroneous judgment, they are, of course, directly productive of evil. If not, the nation whose conduct is condemned, firmly believing, and not without some reason, in the justice of its own cause, and at the same time feeling that, even if it were in the wrong, the dispute is not one on which its censor has a right to decide, rejects them with indignation or with ridicule, and the *entente cordiale* between the two countries is endangered, to the prejudice of the cause of peace; while, as regards the repetition of the same conduct by the same or any other nation,

such remonstrances are wholly without preventive influence.

"Intervention" has here been treated of in the more usual and limited sense of the term, in which it does not include either interposition for the purpose of protecting any rights or interests of the interposing state, or any action taken by a nation on account of the treatment of its own subjects in another. Such transactions fall within the scope of other branches of the general inquiry as to the circumstances under which a nation is justified in making or in threatening war.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY—PROFESSORS AND DEBATING SOCIETIES.

OFF one of the main streets in the Old Town of Edinburgh, at a spot where you would not be apt to look for it, lies the large block of building occupied by Edinburgh University. It is a modern structure in the Græco-Italian style, erected at very great cost between 1789 and 1834, in lieu of the older edifices which had served for the University from its foundation by James VI. in 1582. Entering from the street by a portico with Doric columns, you find yourself in a spacious, cold, grey, quadrangle, fringed round with a raised and balustraded stone walk, whence at various points doors and flights of steps give access to the library, the museums, and the class-rooms of the four Faculties of Theology, Law, Medicine, and the Arts. Into this quadrangle flock at the beginning of every November the students, to the number in late years of from 1,200 to 1,500 in all, who are then to commence, in one or other of the Faculties, their annual five months of attendance on the classes. For the

Scottish Universities differ from the English in this, that, whereas the English have three terms of study in the year, extending from October to June, the Scottish crush the entire work of the year (save that there are certain special summer-courses) into the five winter months between the beginning of November and the beginning of April. Of the students who thus every November appear in the University quadrangle, making it once more busy after its unearthly summer quiet, by far the greatest proportion are of that Faculty of Arts which is preliminary to all the three professions in common. Next in number are the students of medicine; then those of law; and the students of theology are much the fewest. The Professors in each faculty are in approximate, but not exact, proportion to its relative number of students. There are now 4 Professors in Theology, 6 in Law, 14 in Medicine, and 12 in Arts, making a total teaching body of 36 Professors, in

addition to the Principal. The students in each faculty are gathered from far and wide. A considerable nucleus in each consists of Edinburgh natives or residents. Of the rest many are from other parts of Scotland ; but a goodly proportion are from England, Ireland, and the Colonies. There is no means of discriminating the students of the different faculties from each other, so long as they are wending their way to the college portico from the surrounding streets, unless it be by the comparative juvenility of most of the students of Arts, and by those minute physiognomic differences which enable an expert to distinguish a jolly young medical from a prematurely-sharp leguleian, and either from the solemn dedicatee to divinity. Nor, indeed, is there any means in Edinburgh of distinguishing between Town and Gown in the streets at all. The taste of modern Athens has disdained, or long discarded, any academic costume for the students. While in Oxford or Cambridge, the townsmen, awed by the constant stream of caps and gowns, must feel themselves but as Vaisyas and Sudras in a city of the Brahmins, and while in all the Scottish University-towns, except Edinburgh, the streets in winter days are made picturesque by the far-seen bits of scarlet on the backs of the students of Arts, in Edinburgh you might walk about the streets all day without knowing that there was a student in it.

On the whole, to a stranger-student from any other part of Scotland the conditions of Edinburgh University, on his first arrival, and for some time afterwards, do seem unsocial. It is not only that the students do not reside in the University, meet at no common table, live in no sets of chambers built for the purpose, but are scattered all over the town, where they will and how they will, in lodgings or with relatives. In this the University of Edinburgh does not differ from the other Scottish Universities. Nor does the absence of academic costume contribute much to the feeling, though it may contribute somewhat. It is partly the numerousness of the

students, preventing them from ever seeing themselves all together, and obliging their dispersion into classes, meeting simultaneously and independently at all sorts of hours ; and partly, I think, it is the chill elegance of the quadrangle itself. For a stranger-student, after a walk in a dull November morning through a city all otherwise strange, to arrive for the first time in this quadrangle, with its columns, its balustraded stone-walk, and its doors leading he knows not whither, is perhaps a unique experience of inquisitiveness struggling with loneliness. He feels that he is committed to a mode of life of which the possibilities are undiscerned, and, in retrudging his way through the streets, thinking of it all, he wonders what is to come of it. What is to come of it ! There is to come of it, if all goes well, and the connexion with the University lasts long enough, a love for the University, and a pride in having belonged to it, as great as any man can feel anywhere for the place where he has been educated. Not even the affection of Oxford and Cambridge men for their universities, or for the particular colleges where they had rooms on well-remembered stairs, can exceed that which the alumni of Edinburgh University bear to it, though their recollections of it are not of residence within its walls, but chiefly of attendance on their appointed classes in it for three or four consecutive winters. For the University was not only the building, but the whole student-life of which the building was the centre. The walks and talks with fellow-students all over the city and about its suburbs, no less than the solitary readings and ruminations of individual students at their firesides, were part of the University, and had their occasion and inspiration from within its walls. And within the walls themselves what memorable things happened ! What enthusiasms swept round the cold quadrangle, what glorious scenes there were in its class-rooms, what varied excitement was there communicated, what friendships were formed, what breaks there

were into the woods and forests of knowledge, showing vistas along which it might be a delight to career throughout a long future, till only the sunset of life should close in the enchantment!

Much of the peculiar power and distinction of the Edinburgh University has consisted in its having generally had among its professors contemporaneously two or three men not merely of admirable working ability, but of exceptional genius or greatness. The professorial system, on which this, like the other Scottish Universities, is constituted, certainly has its drawbacks. In these modern times, when the whole encyclopædia of knowledge, in every department, is accessible in books, colleges and universities, it may be plausibly argued, are either of no use, or are of use only in so far as they organize the business of private reading, promote it, direct it, make it more accurate and exquisite, and surround it with splendid moral and sentimental accompaniments. To some extent, in the English Universities, they have conformed to this notion of the universities as a means for organizing, aiding, and drilling private perseverance in reading. They speak there of *reading* mathematics, *reading* physics, *reading* chemistry, *reading* political economy. The phrase, in this generalized sense, is unknown in Scotland. Pinkerton's complaint, made seventy years ago, that his countrymen, with plenty of natural ingenuity, were unable to turn it to substantial account for lack of a sufficient nutriment of learning, and were often whirling their ingenuity elaborately *in vacuo*, is true in a great measure yet. Connected with this deficiency, partly as cause, and partly as effect, is that professorial system in the Scottish universities according to which knowledge in the great subjects of liberal study is supposed to be acquired by listening to courses of lectures on those subjects, prepared and delivered by men who have made them especially their own. Aware of the defects of this professorial method, the Scottish Universities have recently been taking pains to remedy them, not only by an increased use of that spur of examina-

tions of which there has been so general an application of late throughout the country, but also by introducing as much of the tutorial method as possible in aid of the professorial. And yet, on the other hand, no one whose experience is wide enough to enable him fully to appreciate the merits of both methods but will maintain the enormous superiority, in certain circumstances, and for certain effects, of the professorial over the tutorial. It is not only that the majority of young men will not read and do not read, and that it is at least something if these are physically detained for a session or two in a room where certain orders of notions are kept sounding in the air, and where, unless they are deaf, they must imbibe something of them. In addition to this there is the fact that certain subjects—they are those, I think, which do not consist so much of a perpetually increasing accumulation of matter as of a moving orb of ideas, undergoing internal changes—do admit of being more effectively learnt, with something like symmetry and completeness, from competent oral exposition to large numbers at once than from reading under tutorial superintendence. But, whether in these subjects or in any others, the grand advantage of the professorial system lies in the chance it affords of the appearance of men of great intellectual power in a position, relatively to the rising generation, of the utmost conceivable influence. Nowhere is there such an action and reaction of mind, such a kindling and maintenance of high intellectual enthusiasm, as in a university class-room where a teacher whose heart is in his work sees day after day before him a crowded audience of the same youths on the same benches, eager to listen, and to carry away what they can in their note-books. Nowhere is a man more likely to be roused himself by the interest of his subject, and nowhere are the conditions so favourable for the expeditious and permanent conveyance, not only of his doctrines, but of the whole image of himself into other minds. Whenever, accordingly, it does chance that men of exceptionally powerful

personality are found in this position, there society has the benefit of a didactic use of these men inculcably more energetic and intimate than if they had been confined to authorship, or to that comparatively cooler exercise of personal influence for which conversation in short flights with a few at a time affords opportunity. Now, if we were to look for the university whose history has afforded the most striking illustrations of this matchless advantage of the professorial system, what university would suggest itself sooner than that of Edinburgh? There may have been other universities where till lately the drill in Latin and Greek, and the general habits of class-work, were more exact, sound, and business-like. But there has been no university more conspicuously fortunate in the possession always of, say two, or three, or four men simultaneously, of the highest power, shedding lustre over the whole body of their colleagues, and exercising an influence inculcably beyond that of ordinary scholastic reckoning.

Two or three and twenty years ago one of the great attractions in Edinburgh University was the class-room of Dr. Chalmers, called the Divinity Hall. It was on the right of the quadrangle, immediately after entering through the portico from the street, and the access to it was by a narrow flight of stone stairs leading to a kind of stone-gallery looking upon the quadrangle. In this stone-gallery, or about the portico and quadrangle, would be lounging at an early hour in the forenoon, waiting the doctor's arrival, the members of his audience. They were mostly young Scotsmen of from eighteen to five-and-twenty, destined for the Scottish Kirk ; but there was a considerable sprinkling of young Irish Presbyterians, together with a group of oldish military officers, who, after their service in India or elsewhere, had settled for the quiet evenings of their lives in Edinburgh, and, partly to while away the time, partly from a creditable interest in theological matters awakened at last in their grizzled noddles, had taken to attending Dr. Chalmers's lectures. Occa-

sionally there would be a stranger or two of distinction. Punctually a few minutes before the hour the Doctor would arrive among the gathered groups expecting him. His manner on arriving was generally hurried and absent, and he disappeared at once into his vestry or ante-room, there to put on his gown, and his little white Geneva bands, a pair of which he usually kept in an odd brown-covered old volume of Leibnitz that lay handy for the purpose on a side-table. Sometimes one or two of the strangers would follow the Doctor into the vestry to bid him good morning before lecture, but he did not like the intrusion. Meanwhile, the doors of the Hall having been opened, the audience had entered and filled it. It was more like a dingy ill-contrived little chapel than a classroom, having a gallery raised on iron pillars over the back rows of seats so as to darken them, and a pulpit opposite this gallery rising to a level with it. The students, properly so called, the number of whom was from 100 to 130, occupied the seats below, clear of and under the gallery ; and in the comparatively empty gallery, not much minded of the Doctor, who generally looked downwards to his students, sat the strangers of distinction and the military veterans. Emerging from the vestry by its private entrance into the Hall, the Doctor, now in his gown and bands, still rather hurried and absent-looking, mounted the pulpit, a sight for any physiognomist to see. Then generally, after a very brief prayer, which he read from a slip of paper, but in such a way that you could hardly detect he was reading, the business of the hour began. Not unfrequently, however, it would turn out that he had forgotten something, and, muttering some hasty intimation to that effect instead of the expected first words of his prayer—once, I am told, it was this surprising communication, delivered with both his thumbs up to his mouth, "My artificial teeth have gone wrong"—he would descend again from the pulpit and go back to his vestry. On such occasions

it was a chance if he did not come upon one or two late comers availing themselves of that quiet means of entrance, engaged while they did so in the interesting process of measuring their heads with his by furtively examining and trying on his vast hat. Suppose all right, however, and the lecture begun. It was a perfectly unique performance—every lecture a revelation, though within so small and dingy a chapel, of all that the world at large had come to wonder at in Chalmers. For the most part he sat and read, either from his manuscript or from some of his printed books, from which he had a most dexterous art of helping himself to relevant passages—sat and read, however, with such a growing excitement of voice and manner that whether he was reading or not reading was never thought of. But every now and then he would interrupt his reading, and, standing up, and catching off his spectacles so that they hung from his little finger, he would interject, with much gesticulation, and sometimes with a flushing of the face, and an audible stamping of the foot, some little passage of extempore exposition or outburst. No one lecture passed in which the class was not again and again agitated by one of those nervous shocks which came from Chalmers's oratory whenever and about whatsoever he spoke in other public places. Clamours of applause had, indeed, become habitual in the classroom; and, as, in spite of their apparent indecorousness in such a place, they were justifiable by the audience on the plain principle, "If you lecture like that, then we must listen like this," he had been obliged to let them occur. Only at the natural moments, however, would he tolerate such interruptions. He was sensitive to even a whisper at other times, and kept all imperiously hushed by an authority that did not need to assert itself. To describe the *matter* of his lectures would be more difficult than to give an idea of their form. It was called Theology, and there certainly was a due attempt to go over the topics of a theological course,

with frequent references to Butler, Paley, Jonathan Edwards, the *Theologia Elenctica* of Turretin, and, by way of general text-book, to Dr. George Hill's Lectures in Divinity. But really it was a course of Chalmers himself, and of Chalmers in all his characters. Within two or three consecutive sessions, if not in one, every listener was sure to be led so completely and with so much commotion through the whole round of Chalmers's favourite ideas, that, if he remained ignorant of any one of them or unsaturated with some tincture of them all, it could only be because he was a miracle of impassiveness. But through all and over all was the influence of a nature morally so great that by no array and exposition of its ideas, repeated never so often, could it be exhausted, and by no inventory of them represented. Merely to look at him day after day was a liberal education.

One of Chalmers's colleagues in the Theological Faculty of the University (in which faculty there were then but three professors in all) was a certain clerical old gentleman, with a great squab bald head, fat pinkish-white cheeks, portly and punctiliously clean general appearance, and very fat calves neatly encased in black stockings, who professed to teach the Oriental languages. Considering the little I have to say of him, I need not name him; but we used to call him sometimes "The Rabbi," in compliment to his Orientalism generally, and sometimes "Waw," from a certain occult idea of the fitness of the name of one of the Hebrew letters, as pronounced by himself, to represent the total worth of his existence. How so fat-faced and placid a man, in such specklessly-clean linen and apparel, should have been so near an approach to Inutility personified, I do not know; but, to this day, when I think of the matter, it is one of the most baffling problems that have come across me personally, what reason there was, I will not say for the Rabbi's existence on earth, but for his existence in the position of Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. He

had been appointed to the post as long ago as 1813, and I suppose there were then some authorities whose business it was to make such appointments. It was within our knowledge also that he was the widower of a lady who had been of some distinction as a novelist at a time when lady-novelists were rarer than they are now, that he cherished her memory in his old age with a fond and faithful affection, and that, in his own house, he was a kindly, innocent old gentleman, who had one or two pet cats and fed them at his breakfast-table. Moreover he had been a parish-clergyman—in which capacity, for aught I know, he may have been most exemplary and worthy of all respect. I speak of him only as Professor of Oriental Languages ; and, in the conjoint names of Gesenius, Renan, and Max Müller, I will have my say about the Rabbi, dead though he is, in this capacity. For thirty-five years he was the man upon whom the Kirk of Scotland depended, so far as the metropolitan university was concerned, for the teaching of Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, and Persic. I forget whether Arabic was included in his course, but it is all the same whether it was or was not. As for the Syriac, the Chaldee, and the Persic, if the Syriac, Chaldee, and Persic alphabets had been written out on pieces of paper, and these pieces of paper had been steeped in a bucket of water, and each student of the Rabbi's had drunk a tumblerful of the water, that would have been about the metaphorical measure of the Syriac, the Chaldee, and the Persic that the Rabbi contrived to impart. But take the Hebrew, on which naturally would be laid the stress. We were, I can answer for it, a docile set of students, willing, and even eager, to learn anything that offered itself with a touch of human interest ; and we were bound by rule to attend the Rabbi two years. Yet I undertake to say, with the most literal exactness, that, so far as it depended on attendance on the Rabbi during these two years, all that was acquired, or that it was possible to acquire, of Hebrew scholarship might

have been acquired by six evenings of sleepy inspection of the Hebrew grammar and the Hebrew Bible at home. What do I remember of the class ? I remember the Rabbi in his chair, looking listless and placidly-peevisish, as if he thought the whole thing a discomfort, and wanted to be home to his cats. I remember the insipidity of the Hebrew according to his wretched system of pronunciation, which neglected the points, stuck in an indefinite sound of the vowel *e* between every two consecutive consonants, and made the great unutterable name sound as a series of the feeblest human vowels, *IEUE*. I remember that, with one or two exceptions, easy to be accounted for apart from the Rabbi's influence, none of us, when called up to read to the Rabbi, could construe or translate three lines of Hebrew, unless he had a torn leaf of the English Bible clandestinely inserted in the Hebrew volume by way of help. I remember, in short, that it was a disgust and weariness to us all, and that from no fault of our own, but from a perfectly just estimate of the possibilities here afforded us by a great university, for fees which we had paid down, of learning what we were compelled at least to profess to learn within its walls. Perhaps my own most vivid recollections of the Rabbi's class-room are of letters to friends which I wrote in it, by way of an economy of time that would otherwise have been useless, and of a large course of reading, on the same principle, in books of witchcraft, which I took with me for the purpose, beginning with Defoe's "History of the Devil." In justice to myself, I must beg the reader to believe that, from mere respect for routine, I would have given the work of the class the preference, had I been able to see there was any. Now there would be no need for such behaviour. The opportunities of instruction in Hebrew and its cognates now furnished by the Scottish Universities are as good, I believe, as any in the kingdom ; and in Edinburgh University there has been recently founded, in addition to the gene-

ral chair for the Oriental languages, a special chair for Sanscrit.

The remaining colleague of Dr. Chalmers, using the same class-room as the Rabbi, but at a different hour, and for a class much more numerous and a thousand times more radiant, was Dr. David Welsh, Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Of this man there remains a fine and high, if not a wide, memory among his countrymen, and most justly so. He was considerably the youngest of the three colleagues, being, at the time of which I speak, forty-six or forty-seven years of age. He was a thin, spare, weak-chested man, of middle height, or less, with a delicately blond complexion and scanty light hair, a finely-shaped head of the erect type, a grave expression of countenance, and a peculiar habit of knitting his brows and corrugating his eye-lids as he spoke, but very capable of a kindly laugh, which ran over his face like a gleam, and was accompanied by a flash of his upper teeth. His appearance, and especially his narrow chest, indicated precarious health, and indeed it was known that from his youth he had given signs of pulmonary weakness, and that more recently he had been warned of heart-disease. Although on these grounds he had to take precautions which made him more of a recluse than was natural for one in his position, and, although in particular the exercise of speaking was difficult for him, the result as regarded his class was no impairing of his efficiency, but only some peculiarities in his manner as a lecturer. He hardly trusted at all to extempore discourse, and in any attempt of the kind hesitated and stammered, and kept up a dry clearing of his throat, and prolonging of syllable after syllable, that would have been painful but for his always hitting on something right and emphatic at last. In reading there was not of course this painful hesitation, and the labour which the act of sufficiently loud speaking then cost him only imparted a sense of his conscientious earnestness, and sometimes an effect as of eloquence. He had been appointed to the Church-History chair in the year 1831, having been before that

minister for several years of one of the parishes of Glasgow, and before that again minister of the retired country parish of Crossmichael in Kirkcudbrightshire.

The most notable portion of Welsh's life, and that on account of which many who might have cared little for his clerical quality would have looked at him with interest, had been the ten years of his youth, from 1810 to 1820, before he had been appointed to Crossmichael parish. During these ten years he had been on terms of the most familiar friendship with Dr. Thomas Brown, the metaphysician. He had first seen Brown in the winter of 1809-10, when Brown for the second time did temporary duty for Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy class in Edinburgh University. Welsh was then a lad of sixteen, up in Edinburgh from his native Dumfriesshire to attend the classes, and with a particularly keen taste for logical and philosophical studies. Brown at once captivated him. He was one of those, of whom there were many, that so much relished Brown's new, brilliant, and analytical style of metaphysics as to be almost sorry when Stewart resumed duty, and proportionately glad when, in the following session, Brown was formally appointed colleague to Stewart, thenceforward to do the whole work, while Stewart lived on as a sleeping partner. Would not the day of Stewart and his sober metaphysics of the old school be over, and was not the era of a new and more daringly Whig metaphysics about to begin? Such were the expectations of many ardent young men about Edinburgh, in what happened, at any rate, to be the great comet year, 1811. An eminent surviving friend of Welsh remembers how, going then as a boy in the evenings to see young Welsh in his lodgings and receive lessons from him, he used, in passing through George Square, to look up with never-ceasing wonder at the great shining meteor taking up such a space in the heavens. By that time Welsh had attained the desire of his heart in becoming privately acquainted with Brown; and, during

the remainder of Brown's life, Welsh, gradually advancing from the stage of a student of Divinity to that of a licensed preacher or probationer of the Scottish Kirk, was continually in the company of the brilliant metaphysician. Every other evening, when in Edinburgh, he would be one of the family-party around Brown's tea-table, hearing his cheerful talk with his mother and sisters, and so much one of them as to be consulted even about those poems of Brown which he published in succession about this time, and which he read before publication to none out of his own household. "Penitus domi inspexi" is Welsh's description of the degree of his intimacy with his celebrated friend and senior, in words quoted from Pliny the younger where he speaks of a like friendship of his, "Penitus domi inspexi, amarique ab eo laboravi, etsi non erat laborandum. Erat enim obvis et expositus, plenusque humanitate quam præcepit. Atque utinam sic ipse spem quam de me concepit impleverim ut," &c. What may have been the nature of the hope which Brown had formed of Welsh's future career can only be guessed. When Brown died of consumption at Brompton, in April, 1820, at the age of forty-two, his surviving friend—who had been the last to bid him farewell in Edinburgh, and who always remembered the sad leave-taking as one of the greatest griefs of his life—was but a youth of six-and-twenty, a probationer of the Scottish Kirk, whose sole appearances in any character of his own had been in a few stray writings for periodicals. His real outfit for the future was his enthusiasm for Brown, and the reputation which descended to him of having been Brown's friend. These he carried with him, in 1821, to the country parish of Crossmichael, but, at the same time, a strong interest in phrenology, as then taken up and expounded in Edinburgh by Messrs. George and Andrew Combe. In phrenology he had begun to discern the promise of a science that should corroborate some of Brown's psychological speculations, and even lend a new method for the study of the human mind.

Of a family in which the strong Scottish form of piety was hereditary, and being also sincerely "Evangelical" in his views of Christian theology, Welsh was able, in his parish of Crossmichael, to combine, to an extent that might have been thought difficult beforehand, the character of a zealous and devout pastor of "Evangelical" sentiments with that of a worshipping disciple of Brown's philosophy and a seeker after light even in the new cerebral physiology of Gall and the Combes. He was known also, generally, as a young clergyman of scholarly tastes, and more fastidious than usual in his efforts after a classical English style. Of his intellectual and literary qualities the public had the means of judging when he published, in 1825, that biography of Brown which had for some time been expected from him. It was an octavo volume, entitled, *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Brown, M.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh*. The shorter memoir of Brown, prefixed to all the late editions of his Lectures, is an abridgment of this volume, made for the purpose by Welsh himself. The book is really a very good specimen of philosophical or literary biography, not in any way rich or striking, but careful, dignified, affectionate, and conveying a sufficiently distinct image of Brown personally. The phrenological leanings of the work appearing only casually in the notes, the credit which Welsh derived from it was of a general kind. He had thoughts of following it up with a Treatise on Logic, but before that intention could take effect he was removed from Crossmichael to Glasgow. He had been but three or four years in Glasgow when the Church-History chair in Edinburgh fell vacant. The Melbourne ministry, on the strong recommendation of Chalmers, appointed Welsh to the chair. Jeffrey, in announcing the appointment to Chalmers, stated that it had been made expressly in deference to his wishes ; but on other grounds it was such an appointment as a Whig ministry might have been expected to make. Welsh was, and re-

mained to the last, an advanced Whig in politics. When he accepted the chair he was thirty-eight years of age.

During the eight or nine years of Welsh's professorship which had elapsed before I knew him, he had devoted himself most conscientiously to the duties of the post, laying aside preaching and all other work for the proper study of ecclesiastical history, and going to reside for a season in Bonn that he might acquire the mastery of German necessary for the easy use of the materials in that language. He had, in fact, completed a course of lectures, presenting, in three parts, a consecutive view of Church History as far as the Reformation. The first part extended to the period of Constantine, the second thence to the end of the thirteenth century, and the third thence to the Reformation inclusive. It had become his plan to repeat these parts of his course in cycle, so that students attending him for three years in succession would hear the whole. When I had first the pleasure of listening to him, he was in the last or Reformation portion of his course. It was a very painstaking, and, in the main, very delightful and even stirring narrative—not certainly from the most Catholic point of view, but from the point of view of a liberal and warm-hearted Evangelical Presbyterian—of the European religious movement of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. After Wycliffe, Huss and the Bohemians, and others, we came upon the great German group with Luther in the midst, and we finished off, if I remember rightly, with a touch of Zwingli and the Swiss and French prolongation as far as Calvin. He was best on the Germans, or the Germans suited us best, and he brought out Luther, as we all thought, in beautiful relief. In the other two portions of his general cycle I do not think that he was nearly so interesting. My recollection at least of his Church History of the first three centuries is singularly hazy and featureless. The early heresies and the Gnostics came into this part of the course, and I remember being bold enough at the time to pass this criticism on his account of

the Gnostics, that it was as if he had gone to the top of a tower, we looking up to him, and, there ripping open a pillow, had shaken out all the feathers, and let them descend upon us, calling down to us to observe them, for these were the Gnostics.

In connexion with none of the courses of lectures delivered in the University could the *pros* and *cons* of the Scottish professorial system be better discussed than in connexion with Welsh's course on Church History. So far as it was a narrative or survey (and it was mainly of this character) there can be no doubt that it only performed for the students the kind of service which they might more naturally, and with better effects of self-discipline, have performed for themselves by suitable reading under directions. Perhaps even there was a danger that, as recipients through the ear, in such easy circumstances, of a complete tale of Church History prepared for them by their Professor, the majority of the students might go away with a permanently too meagre conception of the real dimensions of the study. But, on the other hand, there was a fitness in the method pursued to the requirements of the place and occasion. Here at least was the presentation to the audience of a medley or panorama of impressions, anecdotes, figures of men and generalized visions of events, well worth having at the time, and sure to function usefully in the mind afterwards. There must be many a man living now whose knowledge of Church History consists in little more than a recollection of the names of Wycliffe, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and Zisca, and Reuchlin, and Erasmus, and Luther, and Melancthon, and Ecolampadius, and Zuinglius, and Calvin, and Bullinger, and Bucer, as they used to be pronounced so fondly in often repeated series by Welsh's labouring voice, and who is yet better and larger-horized by reason of that recollection. And only conceive practically the consequences of an attempt to work, with seventy or a hundred young men together, the method of learning Church History by right

reading for themselves. Conceive so many young men turned loose simultaneously among the libraries of Edinburgh in a competitive hunt after the folios and quartos in which the precious lore is treasured. The library-system of the place or of any place would break-down under the pressure. There would be a famine among the copies of Origen, and Fleury, and Fabricius, and a fighting for odd volumes of the "Acta Sanctorum." In connexion with which fancy I may interpolate the remark that one of the deficiencies of Edinburgh in my day was in the matter of the easy accessibility of books to any young fellow in quest of them, and that, whatever may have been done since then in rendering both the College library and the great libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and the Writers to the Signet more generally and frankly available, I conceive that it may still be by an advance in this direction, as well as by the institution of tutorships and fellowships, that the cause of erudition may be promoted, to the extent now desired, in and around the chief University seat of Scotland. With perfect accessibility of books, professorial courses of lectures might more and more tend to assume one or other of those ideal forms in which they are best of all, and never can be superseded—the form of stimulants and directories, or that of supplements of the latest matter, or, in some cases, that of orbs of principles. Of course, however, such a raid as has been supposed among the original sources of information is purely imaginary, and the process would resolve itself into an importation into the town at particular seasons of a sufficient number of text-books. But, while Welsh's course did not exclude the use of text-books, and rather led to the use of them, it was, in itself, at least a larger text-book, and, by means of examination, it was made to answer as such. Add to all this the effect upon some of first knowing of such a study as Church History, and forming some notion of what it might be, not through a dead text-book, but through the daily sight of one who, after his type, was a living Church-historian. In

many ways there came from Welsh a fine interfusion of personal characteristics with the substance of his readings. Not unfrequently we saw him stirred with the full emotion of his subject, and were stirred contagiously. Methinks I hear him yet as, with excited breath, and with something of the old spirit of a Dumfriesshire Covenanter trembling through his weak frame, he quoted, or rather ground out through his teeth, after one narrative of bloody religious tyranny, the prayer of Milton's sonnet—

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of
old
When all our fathers worshipped stocks
and stones."

More habitually, however, he sat before us in the aspect of an inquirer of liberal and philosophical temperament, trying always to be accurate, candid, and just. A certain classic taste in style, also, with a liking for an apt Latin quotation now and then, helped us to a sense of literary finish, while in his half-stuttered advices to us individually we had experience not only of his kindliness and shrewdness, but of a sort of clear Attic wit rare among the Scotch.

In the last years of his life, which were the years immediately following those of my first acquaintance with him, Welsh was brought out, by the compulsion of events, from his previously rather reclusive and valetudinarian habits. When the Non-Intrusion controversy in the Scottish Kirk was approaching the foreseen catastrophe, who so fit to be brought forward into a chief place in the drama that was to be acted as this much-respected professor of Church History, whose Whig sympathies had all along gone heartily with the movement, and who had indeed always had a share in its private counsels? Accordingly in 1842, and in the view of what was coming, they made him Moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk. As Moderator of that year's Assembly it fell to him still to occupy

the chair at the opening of the next or Disruption Assembly in May, 1843; and on him, therefore, it devolved to act the leading part in what may be called the ceremonial of the Disruption. It was Welsh that, immediately after the gathering of the members of the Assembly and before the first business had begun, read the protest by which he and those who might adhere to him declared their reasons for quitting it and the establishment which it represented. It was Welsh who, then turning round to the Royal Commissioner on the throne behind him, bowed his solemn leave, and, taking up his hat, walked out of the Assembly, followed close by Chalmers, and leading that procession of ministers and elders which, forming itself in George Street, made its way through the gazing and acclaiming multitudes of Edinburgh to the hall, some half a mile distant, where it had been agreed to constitute the Free Church of Scotland. In this public ceremonial, and in the subsequent proceedings in opening the new Assembly, Welsh, roused by the emotion of the occasion far above his usual hesitation of manner and unreadiness in speech, acquitted himself with much dignity, so that those who have an interest in recollecting those Edinburgh events of May, 1843, as in a Scottish historical picture, can think of his spare figure and grave light-haired look as fittingly and gracefully in the midst. He did not long survive this, the most conspicuous public appearance of his life. To fall back completely, after it, into his former recluse habits was impossible. In addition to the Professorship of Church History in the New or Free Church College, for which he had necessarily exchanged his chair in the University, he had a good deal of public work to do in connexion with the schemes and arrangements of the newly-founded institution. There came also, to occupy a part of his time very suitably, the editorship of the *North British Review*, then started, with the co-operation of Chalmers, as an organ of liberal literature in which Scottish

theology should not be unrepresented. It must have been on some visit of his to London, in 1844, on the business of this periodical that, chancing then to be in town, I had my last interview with him but one, and dined with him at his hotel in Cockspur Street. He was then in fair health and good spirits, and full of hopes of the new Review. The next time I saw him was in his house in Edinburgh, to which he was confined by medical orders. The heart-disease of which he had received previous warnings had declared itself fatally, leaving him but a residue of days to be counted one by one before the last spasm. One of the last, out of his own family, to see him was his old friend Dr. Andrew Combe, himself an invalid who had been kept alive almost miraculously for many years by care and regimen through an equally fatal disease, and whom all that knew him remember as one of the most serene, upright, and naturally pious of men, rendered only more thoughtful of others by the long patience of his own nearness to death. This interview must, I think, have been at Helensburgh on the Clyde, whither Welsh had been removed, and where he died, April 24, 1845.

Seldom or never, as I have said, did all the students of all the faculties diffused among the class-rooms of the quadrangle of Edinburgh University have an opportunity of intermingling socially. Once or twice, however, in the course of a session, there was an approach to a universal meeting for some general university purpose or other, when a concourse of as many of the different faculties as chose to come assembled in the chemistry theatre, with the cheering and ruffling inseparable from such occasions, to behold the Principal and the whole *Senatus Academicus*, or body of professors, seated on the platform or dais beneath. This sight of the assembled *Senatus Academicus* I remember as a striking one. My interest in the medical and legal faculties not being such as to lead me to single out then the most eminent

professors in those faculties with the same curiosity that I applied to the others, I remember that there were three heads out of the twenty or thirty on the dais that always seemed to me, even physically, to divide the supremacy. They were those of Chalmers, Wilson, and Hamilton. As pieces of Nature's sculpture they were, each, head and bust together, splendid. But what made the sight of the three beside each other so interesting was that the colouring was so different. Chalmers's head, the oldest of the three, and also the largest, though all looked large, was white, the hair close and crisply silver from crown to neck and temples, with no sign of baldness—the large forehead and face also white as marble, and with all the repose of marble. Yellow was Wilson's colour—the hair yellow and mane-like, the face blond, the look wildly-noble, the bust magnificent even as he sat, but more magnificent when he rose and the height was seen. Hamilton was brown—the hair a dark brown, the complexion a clear or sanguine dark, the expression very calm, the eyes full, bold, and, as it seemed, of a clear hazel. He was not so tall as Wilson, but had the neck and chest of a man of great natural strength, who had known gymnastic exercise. He and Wilson were each in their first fifties. Although it was not my lot to see more of either of these two than was to be seen casually at such general college-meetings, or by dropping in as an occasional hearer at their lectures, and although it sums up the whole of my personal knowledge of them to say that I have shaken hands with both, they made so great an impression upon me that a passing word or two about each will be no violation of my rule in these papers.

Wilson in his class-room, as Professor of Moral Philosophy, was one of the shows of Edinburgh. Though he was called by the Arts' Students "the Professor," *par excellence*, there was gathered round him, for them and others about the college, the accumulated interest of all that he had been and done non-professionally. Those early and almost

legendary days of his were remembered when, as an extraordinary gipsy-genius from the Lakes and Oxford, of whom men had begun to talk, he threw himself so furiously into *Blackwood* and Scottish Toryism ; and there was the fresher remembrance of his continued outflashings and savageries in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and of his many other feats, some of them unprofessorial enough, during his actual tenure of the Professorship since he had succeeded Brown in 1820. It was "Christopher North" that the students saw and adored, though they called him the "Professor." How they did cheer and adore him ! In his class there was constant cheering of him on the least opportunity, especially by the juveniles of his audience, and yet with a kind of wondering respect for his reputation, voice, and magnificent appearance, which kept the acclamation always distinct from disorder, and left the full sway really in his hands. As far as ever I could ascertain, it was nothing that could in any conventional sense be called a systematic course of Moral Philosophy that he administered to them, but a rich poetico-philosophic medley in all the styles of Christopher North, with the speculative made to predominate as much as possible. His way was to come in from his ante-room with a large bundle of ragged papers of all sorts and sizes (many of them old folio letters, with the postage marks and torn marks of the seals visible on them, and others, scraps of about the size of a visiting card), and, throwing these down on the desk before him, either to begin reading from them, or, sometimes, having apparently failed to find what he wanted uppermost, and having also felt in vain in his waistcoat pockets for something likely to answer the purpose, to gaze wildly for a moment or two out at a side-window, and then, having caught some thread or hint from the Tron Church steeple, to begin evolving what seemed an extempore discourse. The first time that I heard him, the effect of these preliminaries, and of his generally wild and yellow-haired appearance, so much stranger

than anything I had been prepared for, almost overcame my gravity, and I had to conceal my face for some time behind a hat to recover sufficient composure to look at him steadily. The voice and mode of delivery were also singular. It was not so much reading or speaking as a kind of continuous musical chaunt, beginning in a low hollow tone, and swelling out wonderfully in passages of eloquence, but still always with a certain sepulchral quality in it—a moaning sigh, as of a wind from the tombs, partly blowing along and partly muffling the purely intellectual meaning. From my recollections of him, both on the first and on subsequent occasions, I should say that the chief peculiarities of his elocution, in addition to this main one, were, in the first place, a predominance of *u* among his vowel-sounds, or a tendency of most of his other vowels, and especially the *o*, to pass, more or less, into one of the sounds of *u*, and, in the second place, the breaking up of his sentences, in the act of uttering them, by short pants or breathings, like *ugh*! interjected at intervals. Thus, in making the quotation from Ariosto: “O the great goodness of the knights of old!” he uttered it, or rather moaned it, nearly like this, “Oo—the great—goodness—uf—the—knights—uf—cold!” with a pause or breathing after almost every word; and, in speaking in one of his lectures of the endurance of remorse, and in illustrating this by the fancy of the state of mind of a criminal between his condemnation and his execution, he wound up, I remember distinctly, with a phrase uttered, as regards the longer interjected breathings, exactly thus: “Ay! and there may be a throb of remorse (*ugh*!) even at that last moment—when the head—tumbles—into the basket—of the executioner (*ugh*!)”—the last *ugh*! being much the most emphatic. Habitually eloquent, after a manner which these and other peculiarities rendered unlike the eloquence of any one else, Wilson was sometimes so deeply and suddenly moved by the feeling of what he was saying or describing that he rose to unusual heights

of impassioned and poetical oratory. In particular, there were certain lectures, the time of the coming round of which was always duly known, when his class-room was crowded by professors and strangers in addition to his students, in expectation of one of his great outbursts, and when amid these clapping their hands most enthusiastically along with the young ones, as the outburst came, would be seen Sir William Hamilton. This admiring appreciation by Sir William of the power of a colleague so different from himself ought to be cited in correction of a notion which the frequent descriptions and laudations of Wilson's physique, and the recollections of the sheer undisciplined tumultuousness of much of his writing, have naturally generated among those who have no personal reason to care for his memory. It is quite certain that Sir William thought his colleague a better Professor of Moral Philosophy for all essential purposes than a man of more regular powers could have been without Wilson's genius. And I have invariably heard, from even the most logical and hard-headed of any of Wilson's students whom I have questioned on the subject, the same assertion of their belief in the extraordinary efficiency of his class, and of their ceaseless thankfulness for having belonged to it.

Much more striking, however, than any traces of Christopher North's influence, recognisable among the modes of thought and speech current among the students of Edinburgh University, were the traces of another influence which it took some time to identify. Nothing surprised me more, at first, than the recurrence, in the talk of the students, whenever two or three were conversing or arguing seriously, of certain clots and gobbets of a phraseology, and apparently of a philosophy, which seemed to belong to the place, but to which I was a stranger. “Induction,” “Deduction,” and “Syllogism,” of course I knew, and, I think, also “Subjective” and “Objective;” but “thinkable in space and time,” “the Absolute,” “the Laws of

Thought as Thought," and the like, made me prick up my ears. Even then there was no need for being greatly put out, or being in a hurry to confess ignorance. A little waiting till the phrases were heard again in new contexts, and a little application of ordinary *nous*, sufficed for their interpretation. But when, grown bolder, I began to converse on the subject of these Edinburgh-University phrases with those whom I found to be masters of them, and to ask them to fish up for me more abstruse phrases from the same pool by way of puzzles, then, as "the Philosophy of the Unconditioned," or "the Relativity of Human Knowledge," or "the Phenomenology of Cognition," came up successively on the hook, my natural history failed me, and whether the thing were eel, flounder, or turbot, I was in doubt. I was disposed to resent the troubling of the literary atmosphere with such uncouth terms and combinations, insisting, as I think the Fleet-Street intellect still does, on the all-sufficiency of what is called "plain English" for the expression of whatever can be of any interest to man or beast. But soon I perceived that in this I was taking the point of view rather of the beast than of the man, and that in the same spirit it might be allowed to a carter or coal-heaver, overhearing the words "hypotenuse," "parabola," "parameter," and "absciss" in the talk of mathematicians, to resent their occupation as humbug. For, the more I inquired, the more I found that it was because the notions were unfamiliar to me that the terms were perplexing, that there was not one of the terms of which a good account could not be given if once the notions were entertained, and that, when the notions were entertained, there was life in them, or at least exercise. I came to perceive that, while it was chiefly in the talk and the discussions of the inferior students that the raw clots and gobbets of the new phraseology floated publicly, the real meaning of the phraseology, and of the system of thought to which it appertained, was in quiet possession of indubitably the ablest young minds native to the University.

Nor was there any difficulty in knowing whence the powerful influence came. Every day I heard more of Sir William Hamilton, and what a man he had been to the University since his appointment to the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics in 1836. Far less was then known of this great thinker by the world out of Edinburgh than has come to be known since ; nor within Edinburgh was he yet estimated at his true dimensions. Since 1813, indeed, when he had settled in Edinburgh, after his course at Oxford, nominally as a member of the Whig side of the Scottish bar, there had been a whispered reputation of his prodigious erudition, and of the profound nature of his speculations and studies. But in 1820 he had contested the Moral Philosophy chair unsuccessfully with Wilson ; and not till after 1828, when articles of his had begun to appear in the *Edinburgh Review*, denouncing and breaking in upon the stagnation of all the higher forms of speculative philosophy in Great Britain, had the attention of German and French thinkers been drawn to him, leading to a more definite opinion of him at home. On being appointed to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics at the mature age of forty-eight, he was at length, as all saw, in the right place, and it was certainly expected that from that place there would be some radiation or other of a speculative influence that would disturb the self-satisfaction of the Scotch in their last mixture, by way of a national philosophy, of Brown's Lectures and a dash of Phrenology with a residuum of Stewart and Reid, and that might also penetrate into England, and send a current through its mingling tides of Benthamism and Coleridgeanism. But all that Hamilton was to be, and all the honour that was to come to the University of Edinburgh from its having possessed him, were not foreseen. It was not foreseen that to him, more than to any contemporary of his in Britain, would be traced a general deepening and strengthening of the speculative mood of the land, by a timely recall to those real and ultimate contemplations the forsaking of which

for any length of time together by the higher spirits of a nation always has been, and always will be, a cause of collective intellectual insolvency. It was not foreseen that by him more than by any other would there be a re-enthronement in the world of British speculation of the grand god, Difficulty, for whose worship alone need universities or great schools be kept up in a land, the constancy of whose worship there, in all the different departments of knowledge, is a land's glory, but the very look of whose visage in one or two departments had been forgotten even by professed thinkers like Whately. It was not foreseen that it would be by expositions and developments of Hamilton's Logic that English dignitaries of the Church would be earning themselves distinction, or that it would be on Hamilton's metaphysical doctrine of the Relativity of Human Knowledge that English theologians would be meeting avowedly as on a battle-ground, or that in the discussion of this same doctrine, with a view to affirm or confute it, would future English philosophers of the greatest non-theological celebrity be equally finding an inevitable part of their occupation. While so much was unforeseen, however, the little student-world round the University quadrangle had already ascertained its own good fortune in possessing Hamilton among its teachers. When he was named or thought of, it was as the Kant or Aristotle of the place. And certainly, whatever influences were at work, there was no influence so recognisable as his. His grasp, his very fingermarks, if I may so say, were visible on the young minds that had passed through his teaching. It was among young Hamiltonians to a great extent that I found myself, and that I formed the new acquaintanceships that interested me most, some of which have ripened since then into most valued friendships. Owing to circumstances which I have never ceased to regret, I was unable to take the benefit of regular attendance on Hamilton's lectures for myself, and had to postpone any acquaintance with the matter of his teaching, more intimate

than that which could not but be conveyed to me indirectly, until there should be sufficient opportunity for me and others through his published writings. But I cannot forget the appearance of his class when I casually did visit it to hear him lecture. As he went on distinctly and strongly with his *Primo*, *Secundo*, *Tertio*, advancing from division to division of his discourse, each sentence full of matter, and the matter unusual, and requiring, as it seemed, exertion to apprehend it, one could not but be struck with the fact that many of the auditors were far too young. But then, on looking at the names of distinguished students of previous years honourably blazoned on the wall behind the lecturer, and on remembering students who had been in the class and had certainly not listened in vain, one could not but be aware that a busy emulation was at work among the benches of the auditors, leaving few absolutely unaffected, and that, where there did chance to be a young mind of due capacity, there was probably no one of the logical lectures from which it would not come away exercised and supplied as it could hardly have been in any hour elsewhere, and no one of the metaphysical lectures from which it would not come away glowing with some new conception extending the bounds of its ideal world. Most evident of all was the power that lay, here as in other parts of the system of the University, in the fact of a personal leading exerted to the uttermost. It may hardly be known to those who never saw Hamilton, and whose knowledge of him is only by inference from his writings, what an impression of general massiveness and manliness of character was given by his very look, and what an equipment of passionate nature went to constitute the energy of his purely speculative reason. Calm as was his philosophic demeanour, clear and unclouded as he kept the sphere of abstract investigation or contemplation around him to the farthest range to which his reason could sweep, there was no man who carried in him a greater fund of rage or

more of the spirit of a wrestler. Stories, perfectly authentic, are and were told of him, which invest his character with an element almost of awe—as of the agony, relieving itself by paroxysms of prayer, into which he was thrown by the sense of his not being sufficiently prepared with lectures to meet his class in the first session after his appointment ; or of the fright into which he once threw old David Irving, the Keeper of the Advocates' Library, when one of the rooms of the Library from which Sir William wanted a volume chanced to be locked by official orders, and David demurred about giving him the key ; or of the vehement outbreaks of his temper occasionally even among his colleagues of the *Senatus Academicus*, when his language about individuals among them, or about the whole body if they stood in his way, would be very far from measured. More patent to the public was the violence of his combats every now and then, on some topic or other, with any man or any class of men with whom he had taken it into his head to have the refreshment of a paper controversy. There were phrases of his which he had flung out on such occasions with tongue or pen—one of them being this dreadful one, “the brutal ignorance of the clergy”—that were among the favourite quotations of his admirers in the College quadrangle. In the calm bold face and powerful though not tall frame of Sir William, as he was to be seen any time after we had been talking of these things, there was no difficulty in recognising the sort of man from whom such manifestations of passion might have come, and in whom there might be plenty more of the like, if more were called for. Alas ! within a year or two I was to see him physically a very different Sir William from what he was when this impression might have been most easily received from his appearance. Ere I left Edinburgh he was going about crippled by the paralysis which had suddenly killed one side of his noble frame, though it had left his great intellect utterly untouched. Year after year I was to hear

of him, when I inquired, as still going about in this sadly crippled state, visibly ageing and ailing, and his hair grizzling and whitening from the brown which I remembered, but still carrying on his classes personally or by deputy, still reading or thinking night after night in his library, and now sending forth more actively than ever volumes in which, when he should be gone, some fragments of his soul should remain. It is not longer ago than May, 1856, since he died, leaving the fragments to tell their tale.

Of the Professors of the Medical Faculty in Edinburgh, worthily keeping up, in my time at the University, the high reputation of the Edinburgh Medical School, I do not remember that I dropped in upon the lectures of any except old Jameson, the Mineralogist. He was Professor of Natural History, and had been such since 1803. It was pleasant to look at the thin venerable man in whom the science of the last century was linked with that of the present, and to hear him proceeding in his dry and exact way from this to that, duly traversing every bit of the map of his subject, whether there was anything of interest in it or not, and formally winding up at the end of every topic with some such farewell phrase as “This, then, is the natural history of the Dolphin.” One lecture of his has haunted me more than I should have expected. It was on the cause of the seeming blueness of space. He enumerated the various hypotheses on the subject, and dwelt on that which he was disposed to make chiefly his own. But I do not think he concocted out of all the hypotheses together any satisfactory explanation ; and, as I really do not know yet with any adequate distinctness the imperative cause of the blueness of the sky, it sometimes occurs to me as a horrible imagination that space might have been blood-coloured or copper-coloured, quite as comfortably for itself, without the least ability on our part to prevent it.

Nowhere in the University was the crossing of influences from the different

faculties and professors, and the importation at the same time of independent influences, more observable than in the Debating Societies. All the world over academic debating societies are, I suppose, very much the same; and to describe the debating societies of Edinburgh University would therefore be useless, unless it were to be done with very ample local illustration, and plenty of personal anecdote. The very great importance of the debating societies as a non-official part of the apparatus of this University deserves, however, to be noted. In addition to the famous "Speculative Society," of which all the world has heard from Lockhart, Lord Cockburn, and others, and which still existed, though in a more remote state of connexion with the actual life of the University than in its palmy days, there were I know not how many societies, either general or special, all flourishing, and all having their weekly or fortnightly evenings of meeting within the walls of the college. There was the "Theological Society," which had existed for nearly a century; there was "the Diognostic Society," some thirty years old; there was "the Dialectic Society," also of considerable age; there was "the Metaphysical Society," recently founded by the more prominent of the young Hamiltonians; and there were other societies, medical and legal. You might be an active member of two or three of these societies, if you were so inclined; and, though the societies were not then associated in a federal body as they have been since, there were occasional meetings of several societies in common for great conjunct debates by their assembled champions. It would be easy to make fun of my recollections of these gatherings, and there was absurdity enough in many of them. But to this day I have known nothing of the sort better on the whole, and it remains a question with me whether the excitement and mutual invigoration afforded by them were not that agency in the university-life of Edinburgh which gave zest and unity to all the rest. Oh, what essays, on all things human and divine, we read and

heard; what criticisms, complimentary or sarcastic, we pronounced on the essays; what traits of character, what comicalities, what revelations of unflinched power came forth in our debates; how we did go at the question whether Mahomet was an impostor; how some of us defended the execution of Charles I., but others did not see their way to regicide consistently with the Decalogue; how we did anticipate the Parliament in abolishing the Corn Laws! And then, when we turned out late at night, flushed with our oratory, to take our several ways homewards in groups, how the rhetorical mood and the nimbleness of invention would last, and what laughs and flashes of wit there would be along the lines of the lamp-posts! I remember, as if it were but last night, the going home of one such group. We had passed the South Bridge on our way from the University, and had entered Princes Street and turned westward. There was among us one whom we all respected in a singular degree. Tall, strong-boned, and granite-headed, he was the student whom Sir William Hamilton himself had signalized and honoured as already a sterling thinker, and the strength of whose logic, when you grappled with him in argument, seemed equalled only by the strength of his hand-grip when you met him or bade him good-bye, or by the manly integrity and nobleness of his character. He was also the gentlest and kindest of human beings. But, suddenly, when we were in that part of Princes Street pavement which is nearly opposite to the site of the Scott monument, there appeared before us, in the dim light of approaching midnight, a spectacle which strangely moved him. It was one of those rotatory imps—the first of his order, I should think, in Edinburgh—who earn pennies by tumbling head over heels with rapidity five or six times continuously. To discern precisely what it was at that time of night, especially as the phenomenon was then a rare one, was exceedingly difficult. Maddened, as it appeared, by the sight of the revolving creature, our friend rushed at

him, hitting at him with his umbrella, and sternly interrogating—"What are you?" Calling up from the pavement, "I'm a wheel, I'm a wheel," the thing continued to revolve, fast as the Manx Arms set a-whirling, full half the distance between two lamp-posts. Unsatisfied by the information, and still pursuing the thing, and striking at it with the

hook of his umbrella, ran our friend, while we gazed on with amazement. A great awe fell upon us; and even now, when I think of debating societies, or of life itself, I seem to see the rotatory imp in the lamp-lit darkness of Princes Street pursued by the phrenzied metaphysician.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE BURNT HUT COMPANY.

THE following are some extracts from the leader of the *Palmerston Sentinel* a short time after the affair of the sale:—

"Athenæus, in his 'Deipnosophists,' tells us that the ancient Carians used, at the annual festivals of Venus, to crown with rosemary the luckiest man of his year in front of the principal temple. For public ceremonies of this kind we are not wholly unprovided. Rome had her Forum, Athens her Areopagus, Corinth her Sisipheum; so Palmerston has her Government Block. Let Mr. James Burton, the Port Romilly blacksmith, be carried up there; let him be crowned with a wreath of Kennedy; for assuredly such fortunes as his, scarce ever befell one of the Audax Iapeti genus before. A discovery has transpired, in the fertile and salubrious district of Port Romilly, which promises to elevate Palmerston into one of the principal commercial emporiums of the civilized globe. The bullock's-hide of Dido which first traced the walls of the future Carthage will in future go down to posterity with the theodolite of Captain Snig, the gallant and intelligent engineer officer who first traced the streets of Palmerston; and the venerable and vivacious statesman whose name it bears must be content to share

futurity with the city to which he stood *in loco parentis*. 'Oh, si angulus iste!' have we been exclaiming, ever since the foundation of the colony. We have been blessed with fertile lands, with full-fed rivers, with boundless forests, with numberless flocks and herds. We have made a material progress greater than that of any nation in ancient or modern times. One thing had been denied to us. One thing made us jealous of South Australia, to which colony we are in all other respects, physical and moral, so vastly superior. We wanted mineral wealth—and we have got it. Yes. It may be attempted to be denied, but it is true. A Cornish miner, named Trevittick, has discovered that the whole of the Cape Wilberforce mountain is in an eminent degree cupriferous. In Burnt Hut Gully, purchased last week for twelve hundred and eighty pounds by Mr. James Burton, an enormous outcrop of pure metal itself takes place, similar to those on Lake Superior. On the next lot, Morepark Gully, bought at the same time, for the same price, by the Hon. Mr. Dawson, a small quarry, which has been opened, exhibits a mass of blue and green carbonates, eighteen feet thick. Negotiations are being attempted to be gone into for the purchase of Mr. Burton's claims, and his payment in shares, but without success hitherto. Mr. Trevittick considers that, as soon as he can get to work, he will raise a matter of four thousand tons

of ore, of one kind and another, the first year."

So said the *Sentinel*. Mr. O'Callaghan of the *Mohawk* knew that the *Sentinel* would have a lot of classical allusions, and determined to have a bit of Latin of his own; but his first classical gentleman had gone to cricket-match, and so he had to do it himself, which was exceedingly awkward. However, he came of one of the bravest families of the bravest nation in the world, and, on the Galway fox-hunting rule of "either over it or through it," went at it manfully, seeing the hateful Mr. Dawson beyond, and savagely thirsting for his blood. His style, the intelligent reader will observe, if it is without the polish of that of Mr. Dickson of the *Sentinel*, is not wanting in a certain vigour of its own:—

"*'Diabolus aurat propriis,'* says the blessed St. Columb, in his 'Hours and Meditations'—'*Sus tranquillus bibit lactem,'* our venerable Malachi used to observe, giving a wicked wink with the eye of him the while, in sly allusion to Brian the Mighty himself. Old Jack Dawson, the blacksmith, is in luck again, and, by means of a rather nastier job than usual, he has doubled, nay quadrupled, his hitherto enormous wealth.

"It appears that Dawson's time, during his late visit to England, was passed, while not at Buckingham Palace, or *elsewhere*, in the smiddy of a somewhat blockish blacksmith, who has been unfortunate in business, and with whom Dawson discovered an infinite fund of fellow-feeling. This man and his family came out in the same ship with him; he was a great deal in their company at Palmerston, and finally he established them in business at Port Romilly, a place at which he had bought up every available acre of land, in anticipation of what has happened.

"He had bought up every piece of land but the right one, it appears. The smith Burton made the discovery, and determined on his plan for swindling the colony, and in gratitude for favours

received, offered Dawson half the plunder. Dawson, with true squatter meanness, accepted it.

"The short and the long of it is, that this man has discovered in Port Romilly a mountain, calculated to be sixteen times as big as Slieve Donad, and fourteen times as ugly as the Protestant cathedral, of solid copper from top to bottom, and he and old Dawson have bought the whole thing for an old song. The affair is about as ugly a looking thing as we have seen for a long time, and, if we mistake not, Dawson will be called on, in his place in the Upper House, to give certain personal explanations; but, nevertheless, there are some considerations of a pleasant nature associated with it. In future, not only shall we supply the manufacturers of Yorkshire with the fleecy spoils of the merino of Spain—or even, in time, the yet more priceless wools sheared from the back of the llama of Thibet—but the copper-smelting trade of South Wales will receive a new impetus by our enormous exports of copper, and London may yet see with envy, Swansea, a mightier metropolis than herself, arise on the shores of the Bristol Channel—a metropolis nearer to, and more influenced by, the irradiating centre of human thought at Dublin."

Mr. O'Ryan was terribly angry at this article. He swore that, if O'Callaghan ever dared to write another article without having it looked over by a competent authority, he would start another Radical paper himself. Words passed between the two gentlemen, and, if it had not been for Miss Burke, they would have fought what O'Callaghan called a "jule" about it. The *Sentinel* got hold of the "llama of Thibet," and made great fun of it, and the *Mohawk* was getting the worst of the fight, when the eagle eye of Mr. O'Ryan caught the quotation from Athenæus about the ancient Carians, and the more he looked at it the less he liked it. There might have been a building at Corinth recently disinterred, but he thought the quotation from Athenæus was the

weak place after all. He had the gravest scholastic suspicion of it. The Sisi-
pheum at Corinth looked queer, very
queer, although he knew that that
gentleman was connected with the town ;
but this looked queerer still. The ques-
tion was, was there such a thing as an
Athenæus in the colony ? The Roman
Catholic bishop, on being appealed to, had
not one, but he was good enough to step
round to his Anglican brother, who, to his
great delight, had one. O'Ryan carried
it off to the *Mohawk* office in triumph.
By three o'clock in the morning the first
classical gentleman was in a position to
report that there was no such passage
whatever in the whole book. The next
moment O'Callaghan hurriedly drained a
tumbler of whiskey-punch, seized his
pen, and rushed to his desk with a snarl
like an angry tiger. By daybreak he had
sent his copy downstairs, and had walked
out into the fresh morning air. The most
polite term applied to the quotation from
Athenæus was "scoundrelly forgery ;"
and the quarrel between the two papers
continued for a long while, until, in fact,
something happened which gave the
colony something else to think of with a
vengeance. It was the discovery of gold
in New South Wales. But we shall have
occasion to discourse of this presently.

The real truth about the discovery of
the Burnt Hut copper-mine can be told
very shortly. It was Trevittick's doing
from beginning to end. He had been
brought up a miner, or rather a mining-
blacksmith. His father had been cap-
tain of a mine ; and mining details, and
mining speculations, had been familiar
to him from his youth. In addition to
this he had acquired, what his father
possibly had not, a tolerable working
knowledge of geology ; and, having got
himself up in that science and in work-
ing mechanics, not to mention a little
mathematics, he, by way of bringing his
science to bear, came to London—and
shod omnibus horses. By the curious
accident of the man's getting so far
attached to us as to follow us to Aus-
tralia, his knowledge was brought to
bear in a most singular way. At the
first glimpse of the dolomite wall, he

tells me, he began to get restless, and
then (not to be tedious) he noticed the
fact that all the various formations
tended towards one point, Cape Wilber-
force, and, when he neared that, he saw
that it was nothing more than a great
trap-dyke. After this, he says, if he
had found a mountain of solid gold, he
would not have been surprised.

Trevittick had a poor nose for gold.
Those who have been in at the most
glorious sport in the world—gold-hunt-
ing—may laugh at him. But he had a
nose like a beagle for metals of some
sort or another. He would have died
sooner than break into a day's work ;
and hence came his Sunday rambles,
and the self-accusatory frame of mind
which I described in the last chapter,
and which I at the time mistook for
madness. Most people who have any
brains, any power of original thought
whatever, get more or less perplexed
and illogical when the necessity comes
upon them for breaking through old
settled rules, hitherto considered as
necessary to the scheme of the universe.
I remember well the annoyance, vex-
ation, and sulkiness, produced on a
young Oxford gentleman who came to
us at Port Romilly by the loss of an
irreplaceable tooth-brush in the bush.
He went so far as to refuse his breakfast.
(He got over it by dinner-time, but he
was a man of singular strength of char-
acter.) Now, if a highly-educated
Oxford gentleman finds his balance so
far disturbed by the loss of his tooth-
brush, and by the utter impossibility
(he not being a Frenchman) of using
anybody else's, how can we wonder at
Trevittick, the first article of whose
creed was a strict observance of what
he chose to call the Sunday and Sabbath,
being thrown off his balance by his
being forced into a desecration of that
sacred day ?

He says that he was a long while
before he got any indications whatever
of either copper or lead. He was afraid
to dig, and used only to prospect by
chipping the rocks with a hammer. He
had, however, many supernatural indi-
cations of the place made to him, but

was too stupid to attend to them. Once a magpie had met him, and tried to make him follow it towards the place. Another time, on going over the place, his attention was called to it by a large black snake, which was actually coiled up on it; but, in his blindness and hardness of heart, he had killed the poor innocent creature, as he called this horribly venomous reptile, and so the truth was still kept from him. At last, one day, coming through a wood hard by, he had met a grey doe kangaroo, with her little one; she had skipped along, about fifty yards before him, beckoning to him to follow; he followed, and they led him to the Burnt Hut lot, and stopped when they came to the rock. Then the little one, the "Joey," had opened its mother's pouch and got in, and the mother skipped away with it and looked round no more. It was such a beautiful sight, he said, that he blessed the two pretty beasts in his heart; and instantly light was vouchsafed him. What he had hitherto taken to be lichen on the rocks he now perceived to be green carbonate of copper.

He announced the discovery to my father at once, who had a terrible time with him. My father got it into his head that his duty forced him to reveal the secret to Mr. Dawson. This, in Trevittick's mind, was sheer and absolute ruin. He was firmly assured that Mr. Dawson would bid over their heads, and that all their bright prospects would vanish for ever. My father knew Mr. Dawson better. He talked over Trevittick, who sulkily acquiesced. Mr. Dawson was not unprepared for the result; he himself was aware of the existence of copper on some land of his own not a mile distant, and at once not only refused to compete with my father, but offered to advance him money to make the purchase. After a generous contest between these uneducated gentlemen, it was decided that they were to share the land between them.

What between Trevittick's distrust of Mr. Dawson and his dread of the discovery leaking out, he was pretty nearly out of his mind during the interval

which elapsed before the land-sale. The moment it was over, his mind recovered its usual tone, and, although he used to tell, and firmly believe, such stories as that about the kangaroo, yet he confined this midsummer madness of his entirely to ghostly matters, and, as far as practical matters were concerned, was as shrewd and clever a manager as one could wish to have.

The Burnt Hut Copper Mining Company, consisted (ideally) of 2,000 shareholders, at 5*l.* per share. Of these shares, 1,000 were held by my father, 250 by Trevittick, and 250 by myself. The other 500 shares, being thrown into the market, produced 2,500*l.* which was every farthing of working capital we started with. Trevittick raised 6,000 tons of ore in nine months, the net value of which was 72,000*l.*; cost of working under 20,000*l.*; and this 20,000*l.* was in the main spent in prospective works, for, as for the copper, it was simply quarried for the first two years. "We shall do better next year, gentlemen," said Trevittick to the meeting of the shareholders, when shares had gone up from 5*l.* to 150*l.* in the market, and yet most of them held on like "grim death." "When I get into the ten-fathom level, gentlemen, we shall double all this, unless I am mistaken."

He did in fact so double it, but the depreciation of the cost of copper in Europe, and another circumstance—to which I shall immediately allude by itself, as it has much to do with the web of the story—about counterbalanced the improvement in quantity. Counting from the commencement to the present time, the income we have enjoyed from the mine may be put, taking one year with another, as 17,000*l.* a year to my father, and about 8,000*l.* a year to Trevittick and myself. The first thing Trevittick did with his money was to build a brick chapel in one of the main thoroughfares of Palmerston—so large, so red, and so ugly, that, say the wags, the Governor's horses shied at it, and pitched Lady Bostock into the fish-monger's shop.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE LAST OF THE FORGE.

AND so my father had struck his last stroke at the anvil for ever. One seldom feels joy at times of excitement. Johnson says, and sticks to it, that no man is ever happy but when he is drunk. Without going so far as that, one may say that happiness is mainly prospective and retrospective. How often can one remember to have said, "How happy I am," since childhood. Then I have been so happy that I could not eat. I particularly remember one summer Sunday that my father had helped me to the brown outside of the roast beef—my favourite piece—but that I was so happy in my anticipation of the afternoon's delight that I couldn't eat it, and carried it out with me in a paper. I know that this first burst of good fortune is not one of the times I look back on in life as the pleasantest; the disturbance of old habits was too great. For one thing, all the children had to be sent off to boarding-school at Pitt, sixty miles away. Our Fred ran away the first month, and, after incredible adventures, was brought home by the blacks. The parting was a very sad business indeed; and my mother, in the heat of her feelings, boldly wished all the money at the deuce. Yes, there was a still, sad house that evening; and I, coming across from my house in the twilight to see the dear old folks, found that they had wandered hand in hand into the forge, and were sitting there on a bench, side by side, silent.

I tried to slip away; but they had seen me, and made me come in and sit beside them. I felt a great disinclination to speak, and I was glad that my father spoke first.

"Come in to us, old chap," he said; "we've got *you* left anyhow. This won't make no difference in *you*; you're always the same, that's one comfort."

"Why, take and drat your money, I say," said my mother, angrily; "God forgive me if I don't wish the hard

times back again; we could see one another's faces then. Old man, the weariest day I ever had in my life has been this one, when we have just come into more money than we know what to do with. It's hard enough, in all conscience, that Martha and me are to be reduced to keeping servants, and not allowed to touch so much as a carpet broom; but it's harder to have my children took away just now when I am getting a bit stiff in the joints. You'll never make a lady of me—not if you was to give me a crown and sceptre, you wouldn't: and a pretty sort of a gentleman *you'll* make, old man. Why, if our boys, as are going to be brought up gentlemen, were like any other boys, they'd be ashamed on you. They *won't*; but that's luck."

"Well, and that's the best luck going, old woman," said my father. "What's the good of hollering out after it's all happened. You and me aint got no call to show. Nobody need know anything about us; we shall be able to go on much as usual, I reckon."

"You're never the same man when you aint at work, old chap," said my mother; "and, as for me, think what my feelings will be to have to sit by and see an awkward slut of a girl messing through the work that I could do so much better myself. And Jim's wife, Martha, too? Look at that girl's charing; why I never see anything like it, with the exception of Mrs. Chittle, who chared Park Villa at the end of a fortnight, nursing two. Take that girl away from her soap and brush, and she'll peak and pine away, if she's the girl I take her for: which she is."

"Well, she don't want to do much charing just now, old woman," growled my father.

"No, but she'll want to after a bit again," said my mother. "In about six weeks she'll have the old feeling come on her strong; and, mark my words, them as thwarts her thwarts her."

"You'd better have a saucepan and a bit of sandpaper took up to her in bed then," said my father. "Let her polish away at that."

This was undoubtedly a flagrant violation of my mother's rights as a woman; she wouldn't have stood it from the doctor himself. My father was making fun about subjects of which he was (officially) supposed to be utterly and entirely ignorant. His being the father of nine was nothing. He had shown a tendency to trifle with a subject which no woman worthy of the name will allow to be trifled with by a man for one instant. My mother came down on him.

"It would have been as well, perhaps," she said, loftily, "if Mrs. Jim Holmes had not been thwarted in her wish to go to Wandsworth fair; at least so Mrs. Quickly, an experienced woman, whom I am far from upholding in all things, is of opinion. *She* considers that *that* was the cause of her threatening to chuck the twins out of winder. I would not venture to give my own opinion on any account whatever. Men, you see, have sources of information which are denied to us."

My mother tried to keep her dignity. It would have helped her amazingly had she been able, but she couldn't. She burst out laughing, and my father and I followed suit. My mother, in the feeble attempt to preserve her dignity, swept out of the forge, and left my father and me alone.

"Cut a nut through and you'll come to the meat," said my father. "Let her talk long enough, and you'll find out her goodness. Well, here's the forge fire out for good and all, and you and me as rich as marquises. This is the last night that you and me will sit together on the forge, old man. We have got the wealth of gentlefolks. I shall never get their manners, but you may. Fetch a candle and read me this here letter. It's from Jack Martin, who is making his fortune on the Sydney side, with the gold. He seems to have repented of his treatment of me, but not of his bad writing. Read it out."

I saw that his fancy was to sit in the shop that night for the last time, and I fetched a candle and read the letter out. I hated Jack Martin. I thought

him a worthless, selfish man; but my father's goodness had reflected itself on him; and he was conscious of the injury he had once done my father, and wished to atone for it.

It was dated from Canadian Gully, Ballarat. He had cleared three thousand pounds there, and earnestly pressed us to come. He entered into details; and his letter was so far important that it was the first reliable intelligence which we had had from the Port Philip goldfields; and, as a matter of curiosity, the next time I wrote to Erne Hillyar, I sent it to him.

CHAPTER LIX.

ERNE GOES ON HIS ADVENTURES.

ABOUT a fortnight after this the most astonishing accounts from Bendigo appeared in both the *Sentinel* and the *Mohawk*. Three tons of gold had been taken down to Melbourne by the fortnightly escort, and two tons remained in camp for want of carriage.¹ But this, according to the *Mohawk*, was nothing at all to Lake Omeo, in the Australian Alps. In an article in which Malachi's collar was duly thrown in the teeth of the low-browed Saxon, the goldfields of Lake Omeo were allowed to surpass the auriferous deposits of the Wicklow mountains, in their palmy times, before trade was paralysed, and enterprise was checked, by the arrival of the beastly Dutchman. And really the most astonishing reports of this place seemed to have reached Melbourne from various quarters. The black sand, containing small emeralds and rubies, would yield sixty per cent. of pure tin: it was ten and twelve feet thick, and at the bottom of it, in the crannies of the rock, a pound weight of gold had been washed out of a panful. I was still thinking of these extraordinary accounts when Erne came slinging along the road and jumped off his horse at my side.

I thought he had come over to see the works, which were now progressing nobly, but he soon undeceived me.

¹ Fact.

"Well," he said ; "I've done it !"

"Done what ?"

"I've cut the bush. I'm sick of it. The place is unbearable since your cousin Samuel has given up coming there ; he was the only person worth speaking to. I've read all the books. I'm sick of the smell of sheep ; I'm sick of the sight of a saddle ; I am, oh ! so utterly sick of those long, grey plains. I am sick of being kissed by old Quickly behind the door when she's drunk : I should have had that cap of hers off her head and chucked it on the fire if I had stayed much longer. And now Clayton is getting sulky at the goings on, as well he may ; and so I have come off, and am going to Lake Omeo."

"Think before you do that, my dear Erne."

"I want adventure, excitement, movement of some kind. If I stayed there, moping about Emma much longer, I should go mad. I shall never forget her *there*. Come with me, old fellow. You are rich enough to do as you like now ; come with me."

I don't think I was ever more tempted in my life. It would have been such a glorious adventure, with him. It would have been the finest adventure we had ever had together ; but I had to set my teeth, and say "No." There was some one expected, and I couldn't leave my wife.

He was very much disappointed, but did not say another word. He was perfectly bent on going. I knew his romantic impulsiveness of old, and was aware that nothing would turn him.

Trevittick had listened to our conversation and had left us. Tom Williams very soon came up and joined us.

"My eye !" he said, "don't it make your mouth water. Take me with you, Mr. Erne. You and I were always favourites together. Come, let us go."

"Oh, do come, old fellow," said Erne. "Do let me have one face with me in this adventure that I know and like as well as yours. Oh, do come, and we will go through it all together to the end. Next to Jim here, I would have chosen you among all men to be

my friend and brother in this quest. How glorious the life, the motion, the novelty, the crowds of strange faces will be ! What will be the end of it ? Where shall we find ourselves at last ? Hurrah for the cool, brisk South ; and good-bye to these hot, melancholy forests. Give me your hand, my boy. We are vowed to one another henceforward.

'It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;

It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom, we knew."

I cast a look of gratitude at Tom Williams. "But," I said, "what will Trevittick say ?"

"Trevittick," growled that gentleman, behind me, "will say just what he told Tom Williams just now. That, if he sees that young gentleman go out alone, without one single friend, into the terrible scenes and places he will have to encounter, he never needn't trouble himself to speak to me no more : and so I tell him."

And so these two went together. The *Wainoora*, the steamer by which they went, sailed one summer morn at day-break southward to Palmerston and Melbourne. His last words to me were, "Tell her that I am the same to her till death." I went up, on to the highest point of the cape, high above the town, and watched the little steamer, steady and true in her course as a star, traversing the great purple rollers of the Indian Ocean, which broke on the coast under her lee in far-heard thunders. Her screw raised a little thread of foam in her wake, and her funnel left a haze of smoke aloft, which travelled with her, for the wind was fair. I watched her round Cape Windham, and then she was gone, and Erne was gone with her. I turned wearily, with a sigh, and looked northward. Nothing there but the old endless succession of melancholy forest capes, fringed with silver surf ; aloft, lazily-floating clouds. They would have a fair passage.

"And so your sister has drove him to the diggings at last, has she ?" said a voice behind me. "I guessed she would, all along. She has used him

shameful. I wouldn't have cared if it had been only Bendigo, or Ballarat, or the Avoca; but he is going to Omeo; and Omeo and the Buckland are death to such as he. I hope you kissed him when you said good-bye, for you'll none of you see him any more. And a nice mess you've made of it among you."

It was my cousin Samuel, who had crept up behind me. And I turned sternly on him, and asked him what he meant.

"What I say. That sister of yours, with her high-faluting balderdash, has driven that young man out of his mind. I am a poor fallen, wicked old man; but that Erne Hillyar is such a pure, simple, high-souled gentleman, that at times he has made me waver in my purpose, and feel inclined to do what I won't do unless that fellow pushes me too far. He wants brains, maybe; so do you; but he is the first man I have met for twenty years who, knowing everything, has treated me as an equal. I never met such a fine lad in my life. He has quietly made me ashamed of my old habits, and is the first man who has given me hopes for the future. But he ain't good enough for your sister. And she has sent him south to die."

The sun was bright overhead, and the summer wind was whispering gently among the heathers and Hakeas around, and yet it seemed to grow dark, and the wind to get chill, as my cousin left me with these words. He passed slowly down the hill towards his estate, and, entering the wood behind his house, disappeared, and left me to my thoughts.

CHAPTER LX.

JAMES OXTON GOES OUT, AND WIDOW
NORTH COMES IN.

JAMES Oxtou splashed and floundered through two more sessions after Erne's first arrival in the colony. Sometimes he was up to his knees, sometimes up to his middle; sometimes the enemy said that he was over his head, and that there was the finish and end of the man, body and bones, and high

time too. But, no. On questions of great public utility, his personal prestige, combined with the good sense of the House, and possibly the putting to work of some parliamentary tactics, was still sufficient to carry him through, and James Oxtou managed to follow each Opposition victory by a greater one of his own; and so, although sick of the business altogether, he held on manfully. He was loth to see the work of twenty years, as he thought, ruined.

At last the advanced party brought in a land bill of their own, and lost it by only three votes, including the speaker. It became necessary for James Oxtou to "go to the country." His Excellency, being a wise Excellency, and therefore unwilling to do what he had the power to do if he chose—to keep in a favourite minister and dear friend against the wishes of the colony—complied with a heavy heart with James Oxtou's request. He dissolved the Assembly, and sent James Oxtou to the country. The country very properly sent him back again with eight votes less than he came with.

The question is much more easily understandable than the Schleswig-Holstein one, which has come by a rather queer solution, as, "There are more dogs than cats, and therefore the cats must all turn dogs at their peril." The question on which James Oxtou came by what the *Mohawk* called his "downfall" was by no means of a European complexity. In fact, colonial politics are *not* difficult to master, for the simple reason that there are seldom more than two interests at work at the same time, and that those two interests do so jam, pound, and pummel one another, that, although logic, nay, sometimes, as in England at hot moments, even grammar, may suffer; yet those two interests between them, generally "ventilate" the question most thoroughly; and, to use a thoroughly Mohawkian catachresis, look over one another's cards, and see which way the cat is going to jump.

The great export of the country was wool. The foundation of its present

prosperity was wool. To grow wool with success enormous tracts must be under the control of one single man. A wool-grower must have 30,000 acres at least under his sole command, and then on the best of country he could not safely venture on more than 9,000 sheep ; for he might have his run swept by a fire any January night, and be forced to hurry his sheep down to the boiling-house. Now the small farmers, contemptuously called "cockatoos," were the fathers of fire, the inventors of scab, the seducers of bush-hands for hay-making and harvesting, the interlopers on the wool-growers' grass with their cattle and horses. James Oxtou, a "squatter," a wool-grower among wool-growers, had argued thus, and had unworthily blinded himself so far as to legislate for his own class.

In order to prevent the acquisition of land by the labouring classes, he had rigorously resisted every attempt to alter the old land laws. The upset price was one pound an acre, payable at once. Any one could demand and get a special survey of not less than 5,000 acres at that price without competition, by which mischievous regulation large tracts of the very best land were in the hands of great capitalists. His own estate, "The Bend," was one of these special surveys, and had increased in value from 5,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* And lastly, the quantity of land thrown into the market was exceedingly limited. In this way, using the money raised by the land sales to assist emigrants, he was creating a lower class, and depressing the price of labour by denying them land.

The Radicals had brought in a bill demanding the right of selection of lots as small as eighty acres, and three years' credit in paying for it. This was too liberal, and, in spite of the furious warwhoops of Mr. O'Callaghan, was rejected, Government having a majority of three.

Had James Oxtou, even after the loss of eight votes by the dissolution, brought in a moderate measure of his own, all would have gone well. But, he refusing

to move in the matter at all, and there being undoubtedly a strong necessity to attend to the cry of "unlock the lands," the Radicals brought in their bill, a more moderate one than the last. The House accepted it by a majority of eleven against the Government, and James Oxtou, the moment after the division, announced his resignation amidst the most profound silence.

Though the *Mohawk* said next morning that the brazen head of James Oxtou had been found, like that of Lord Bacon, to have feet of clay, and that when it had done rolling in the dust the oppression of seventeen years was revenged at last ; yet still, now it was done, every one was a little bit frightened. The Secretary was so good, and big, and so calm, and had governed the colony so well. And Mr. O'Ryan had formerly made no secret of his intentions. People remembered the programme which he had offered the country five years before, when power had been beyond his grasp ; he had concealed his wicked principles lately, but that was his artfulness. *They* remembered manhood suffrage and separation from the mother-country. Moderate people began to think they had got into a scrape ; but there was Mr. O'Ryan at Government House, and the list would be out that evening.

And, when the list did come out, things did not look much better. There was not an English or a Scotch name in it. The Radical party was officered almost entirely by Irishmen, and the Irishmen had taken care of themselves to the exclusion of the other two nations. Ministers in the House—O'Ryan, secretary ; Murphy, education ; Moriarty, trade ; and so on. And where was Dempsey ? Not in the list at all, but concocting some malignant conspiracy in the background ; which was even more dreadful to imaginative people than if the destinies of the community had been handed over altogether to the tender mercies of that red-handed rebel. And the inferior appointments too ! Rory O'More, Barney Brallagan, and so on ! And did anybody ever hear of

such a measure as appointing old Lesbia Burke post-master general?

"O'Ryan must suddenly have gone mad, my dear Mr. Burton," said the pretty and clever little widow, Mrs. North, to our old friend Joe, as they sat on a sofa, side by side, reading the lists together, with their heads very nearly touching.

Joe, now the prosperous and wealthy Mr. Burton, had been elected for North Palmerston at the last election, and the night before had spoken for the first time. He had spoken so wisely and so well as to command the greatest attention and respect. He had counselled moderation on both sides, and the style of his speech pointed him out at once as a man of the very highest class.

The place where they were sitting was Mrs. Oxton's drawing-room; the time twilight. Emma and Mrs. Oxton had gone to the opera, and the Secretary was shouting at play with his boy at the other end of the garden. They were alone.

"O'Ryan must suddenly have gone mad, my dear Mr. Burton."

"Not the least, my dear madam. He only wanted to avoid the fate of Actæon. He would have been torn to pieces by his following, if he hadn't placed every one possible. You see Dempsey has refused office, to leave one more place vacant and satisfy one more claimant; and, as it is, there must be two or three dozen unsatisfied. He has done the best he can."

"He is a man of great ability," said the widow.

"A first-rate man, if he had some one to keep him quiet, to let him talk and prevent his going too far in action; the second man in the colony."

"I know who promises to be the third," said the widow, very quietly.

Joe blushed and laughed. "What a really beautiful face he has," said the widow to herself. "What a pity it is about his poor dear back."

"You spoke so splendidly last night," she went on. "If you could only have heard what Mr. Oxton said!"

"I would sooner hear what *you* said."

"It was so noble of you to acknowledge that you had modified your opinions, and that there were many things on which you differed from the Secretary, and then to make that *résumé* of his services to the colony; such a glorious panegyric. I clasped my hands together with excitement as you went on."

"I live with one object," said Joe; "and you are worthy to know of it; you are worthy to share my secret. I dread the effects of faction on this colony. This colony must be governed by a great coalition between James Oxton and Phelim of Ryan, and I am the man to bring that about."

The widow thought, "Well, you have a tolerable amount of assurance, if that is any recommendation. Is there anything else you would like?" But she said rapturously, "What a magnificent and statesmanlike idea. Oh, the day you bring about that result, I will retire to my *boudoir* and weep for joy!"

"Do you wish me success?" exclaimed Joe, seizing her hand in his absence of mind. "Oh! if!"

"Hullo! you people," exclaimed the Secretary, who came up at this moment, "is that the *Sentinel*? Is the list out? Let us look."

Both the widow and Joe got excessively red, but perhaps the Secretary didn't notice it. At all events he did not say anything.

"Only three tolerable people among the lot. Old Lesbia Burke is the best man among them, when all is said and done."

"But what an absurd thing to do; to appoint a woman," bridled the widow. "It is so—so improper."

"It's rather a cool precedent, certainly; but, as for Lesbia, the dear old girl would command a frigate, or take a regiment into action, if you gave her a month's training."

"Well, she is a kind body, and I wish her well," said the good-natured little widow. Every one had a kind word for Miss Burke.

"Shall you think me a brute," said the Secretary, "if I leave you here

with Burton, and step into town to the club and hear the news? I ought to show to day, or they will think I am crying."

"Oh, do go, my dear creature. Don't, for heaven's sake, let them think you feel it. Mr. Burton and I will sit here and play *eucre*, and abuse the new ministers. We are getting very fond of one another." And so the Secretary went.

CHAPTER LXI.

TOO LATE ! TOO LATE !

THE widow and Joe had some half-hour's flirtation before the Secretary returned. He had been much less time than they expected, and looked very grave. "Burton," he said, "I want to speak to you."

Joe went into another room with him. "I have heard grave news, I am sorry to say," continued he, "which affects a mutual friend of ours, and, as I have long suspected, a very dear one of your sister's. The Melbourne papers have just come in ; read this."

Joe with dismay read the following :—

"The unfortunate Omeo business is assuming very tragical proportions, and Government will have to take immediate measures to see if any of the poor fellows are still, by any possibility, alive. We said, last week, that provisions were at famine prices, and utterly deficient in quantity ; since then, the miserable diggers have taken the only measure left open to them. They have fled, most of them towards the Ovens, 160 miles through a nearly unknown and quite uninhabited country, without provisions. Such troopers as have been sent out to seek for them have come back with the most terrible stories. Trooper O'Reilly found no less than eight dead together on the Milta Milta in once place. One thing is perfectly certain ; two hundred famine-stricken wretches have left the Omeo, and only nine have reached Beechworth by Snake Valley, while eleven have turned up at the Nine

"Mile Creek on the Sydney Road. In this most lamentable and unhappy business, we can blame no one. There was gold there, for Trooper O'Reilly took 130 ounces from the bodies of the unfortunates—which bodies, after securing such papers as would lead to their identification, he had to leave to the tender mercies of the eagle-hawks and wild dogs, and all the other nameless horrors of which it appalls us to think. To the relatives of those men who are known to have left the lake westwardly, and whose names we give here, we would say, 'If those you love are not among the twenty men who have come back, give up hope. We are kind, while we seem cruel. Give up hope. Those you love are at rest by now.'"

Joe looked up with a scared face, for neither Erne's name nor Tom Williams's name was in the list. He read them through once more in the wild hope that they were there, and he had missed them ; once more to feel to the full the realization of the agony he felt at their absence. We must have a fruition of pain as of pleasure, or we gain no relief. When your child died, sir, why did you go and look into the coffin ?

"I am guilty of this man's blood," he said. "I stand here before you, as the murderer of Erne Hillyar, in the sight of God."

"My good fellow," said the Secretary, "don't be rhetorical. Don't use that inflated style of speech, which may be useful enough in the House ; in common life, it's a bad habit. What on earth do you mean ?"

"I mean every word I say. I wish your taunt was true, but it is not. I know now that my sister Emma loved him, and would have married him, but that she refused to leave me, because my hideous infirmity would render domestic life—I mean married domestic life—an impossibility. She devoted herself to me, and refused him. And he, caring nothing for life, has gone to that miserable God-forgotten desert, and has died there. I saw her doing all this, and in my wretched selfishness let

her do it, and said not one word. Call me coward, knave, selfish villain, what you will, but don't taunt me with rhetorical flourishes. I am Erne Hillyar's murderer."

The Secretary looked exceedingly grave. Seventeen years, passed partly in money-making, and partly in official life, had not deadened the sentimental part of him one bit; he still hated to inflict pain; but he had learned to say a hard word, when he thought that word was deserved, and when it did not interfere with any political combination. The sentimental third of his soul was enlisted on Emma's side most entirely since Joe's explanation; he bore very hard on Joe, and was angry with him.

"You have been much to blame," he said, and would have gone on, but there was a crackling of wheels on the gravel, and he paused. "Keep it from her," he said hurriedly. "This may not be true. Keep the papers from her. They are coming. If it is true, let her hear it from my wife."

They went quickly into the next room to join Mrs. North, and immediately after Mrs. Oxton and Emma came in. Both were changed since we made their acquaintance a few years ago. Mrs. Oxton had faded rapidly, like most Australian beauties, and there was nothing left of the once splendid *ensemble* but the eyes and the teeth; they were as brilliant as ever; but her complexion was faded into a sickly yellow, and her beauty had to take its chance without any assistance from colour, which was a hard trial for it, to which it had somewhat succumbed. Still, she had gained a weary and altogether loveable expression, which was, perhaps, more charming than her old splendid beauty. Emma also was very much changed.

She had always been what some call "young of her age." She had been a long while in developing, but now she had developed into a most magnificent woman. The old, soft, and childish roundness of her face was gone, and out of it there had come, as it were, the ideal of the soul within—gentle, patient—of a soul that had suffered, and would

endure. Her look was one of continual and perfect repose; and yet, now that the face was more defined, those who knew her best could see how clearly and decisively the mouth and chin were cut; one could see now how it was that she could not only endure, but act.

She was tall, but not so tall as her mother. Her carriage was very easy and graceful, though very deliberate.

During her residence in Palmerston she had taken care to watch the best people, and was quite clever enough to copy their manners without caricaturing them, which is being very clever indeed. This evening she was dressed in white crape, with a scarlet opera-cloak; her wreath was of dark red Kennedy, and she had a considerable number of diamonds on her bosom, though no other jewels whatever. Altogether she was a most imperial-looking person, and deserved certainly what she had had that night—the attention of the whole theatre.

"I am so sorry you did not go with us, Mrs. North," she said in her quiet old voice, not altered one bit. "Catherine Hayes has been singing more divinely than ever. My dear brother, you have lost something. Will you come home now?"

"I cannot let you go till you have had supper, my love," put in Mrs. Oxton; and Emma willingly assented, and talked pleasantly about the opera, until they came into the light of the dining-room. After she had seen Joe's face she was quite silent.

They drove home, and the instant they were alone in their house she spoke. "My own brother, I have not spelt at your face for so many years without being able to read it; but there is a look in it to-night which I have never seen there before. Something terrible has happened."

Joe remained silent.

"Is Erne dead?"

Joe tried to speak, but only burst into tears.

"I can bear it, dear, if you tell me quickly—at least, I think I can bear it, or I will try, God help me! Only tell me quickly."

"There is no certainty. There is a list published, and his name is not there. That is all."

"Have you got the paper?"

"Yes."

"I must see it, or I shall die. I must know the worst, or I shall die. I must see that paper."

Joseph was forced to give it to her, and she read it quickly through. Then she sat down on a chair, and began rocking her body to and fro. Once, after a long time, she turned a face on Joseph which frightened him, and said, "Eagle-hawks and wild dogs," but she resumed her rocking to and fro once more. At last she said, "Go to bed, dear, and leave me alone with God." And to bed he went; and, as he saw her last, she was still sitting there, with her bouquet and her fan in her lap, and the diamonds on her bosom flashing to and fro before the fire, but tearless and silent.

She in her white crape and diamonds, and Erne lying solitary in the bush, with the eagle-hawks and wild dogs riving and tearing at his corpse. It had come to this, then!

Why had Joe brought away the old sampler he had found in the great room at Chelsea, the sampler of the poor Hillyar girl, and hung it up over the fireplace in the drawing-room? What strange, unconscious cruelty! In her solitary, agonized working to and fro on that miserable night, never impatient or wild, but ah! so weary; that old sampler was before her, and her tearless eyes kept fixing themselves upon it, till the words, at first mere shreds of faded worsted, began to have a meaning for her which they never had before. That poor crippled Hillyar girl, she thought, had stitched those words on the canvas two hundred years ago, that they might hang before her on this terrible night; before her who might have borne the dear name of Hillyar, but who had driven her kinsman to his death by her obstinacy, hung there by her crippled brother, for whose sake she had refused this gallant young Hillyar, who had wooed her so faithfully and so truly.

"Why were the Hillyars and the

Burtons ever allowed to meet," she asked herself, "if nothing but misery is to come of their meeting? He said once, when we were children, that our house was an unlucky one to the Hillyars. He spoke truth, dear saint. Let me go to him—let me go to him!"

So her diamonds went flashing to and fro before the fire, till the fire grew dim, till the ashes grew dead and cold, and the centipedes, coming back from under the fender to seek for the logs which had been their homes, found them burnt up and gone, and rowed themselves into crannies in the brickwork, to wait for better times.

Yet as the morn grew chill she sat, with her diamonds, and her fan, and her bouquet; with the old sampler over the chimneypiece before her, reading it aloud—

"Weep not, sweet friends, my early doom,
Lay not fresh flowers upon my tomb;
But elder sour and briony,
And yew-bough broken from the tree."

"Let me go to him! Dead—alone in the bush, with the eagle-hawks and wild dogs! Let me go to him!"

CHAPTER LXII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

ALL this time there was a Sir George Hillyar somewhere. But where? That is a question which will never be answered with any accuracy, even were it worth answering. What an utterly dissipated and utterly desperate man does with himself in London I do not know; at least, I am unacquainted with the details, and, even were I not, I should hesitate to write them down. No decent house would allow my book to lie on the drawing-room table if I dared put in a tale what one reads every day in the police reports of the newspapers.

One thing Mr. Compton found out very easily: all his letters bore the London post-mark. Mr. Compton could not make it out. Why did he not come home? Why did he not show? Was

he a defaulter, or had he made another engagement, and didn't dare to face his wife? The old man suspected the latter was the case, and there is every reason to believe that he was right.

Reuben saw him sometimes; but he never told any one. Their appointments were always made at Chelsea. Reuben found that Sir George's practice of creeping into the old house had become habitual, and he taxed him with it; and so by degrees he discovered this—that Sir George had discovered that this was one of Samuel Burton's former haunts, and that he had conceived an idea that he would somehow or another return there. This notion, originally well founded, seemed to have grown into a craze with the unhappy man, from certain words which occasionally escaped him. Reuben came to the conclusion that he waited there with a view to murdering him, should he appear. He therefore held his tongue on the fact, so well known to him, that Samuel Burton was safe in Australia—the more, as Sir George never permitted him on any account whatever to share his vigil.

Enough about Sir George Hillyar for the present. I am almost sorry I ever undertook to tell such a story as the history of his life. I suppose that, even in a novel, telling the bare and honest truth must do good somehow; but at times the task felt very loathsome. I had some faint pleasure in writing about the miserable man as long as there was some element of hope in his history; but I sicken at the task now. Knowing the man and his history, I knew what my task would be from the beginning. I undertook it, and must go on with it. The only liberties I have taken with fact have been to elevate his rank somewhat, and to dwell with an eager kindness on such better points as I saw in him. But writing the life of a thoroughly ill-conditioned man, from first to last, is weary work.

But his story sets one thinking—thinking on the old, old subject of how far a man's character is influenced by education; which is *rather* a wide one. Suppose George Hillyar had been sent

to Laleham instead of to Mr. Easy's, would the Doctor have done anything with him?

I declare, *à propos des bottes*, if you will, that there is a certain sort of boy with a nature so low, so sensual, so selfish, so surrounded with a case-hardened shell of impenetrable blockishness, that if you try to pierce this armour of his, and draw one drop of noble blood from the body which one supposes must exist within, you lose your temper and your time, and get frantic in the attempt. I don't say that these boys all go to the bad, but in an educational point of view they are very aggravating. If you miss them from the Sunday-school and want to see anything more of them, you will find them in Feltham Reformatory: among the upper classes the future of these boys is sometimes very different. "Now this vice's dagger has become a squire. Now he hath land and beeves."

I do not say that George Hillyar had been one of the lowest of that kind of boys; that he was not, makes the only interest in his history. But we have nearly done with him. It will be a somewhat pleasanter task to follow once more the fortunes of his quaint little wife, and see what an extraordinary prank she took it into her head to play, and to what odd consequences that prank led.

As soon as the summer came on, and the gardeners had filled the great bare parterres all round the house with geraniums, calceolarias, lobelias, and what not, then Gerty took revenge for her winter's imprisonment, and was abroad in the garden and the woods, or on the lake, nearly all day. About this time also she began baby's education, and had lessons every morning for about five or six minutes. At this time also Mrs. Oxton began to notice to her husband that Gerty's letters were getting uncommonly silly.

"Let me look at one," said the Secretary, from his easy chair.

When he read it his brow grew clouded. "She never was so silly as this before, was she, my love?"

"Never. And why this long silence

about George? He is neglecting her. I wish she was here."

"So do I, by Jove! But she seems pretty happy, too. I can't make it out."

Old Sir George had got the works of that great clock called Stanlake into such perfect order that, once wind it up, and it would go till the works wore out. The servants were so old and so perfectly drilled that really Gerty had but little to do. Her rambles never extended beyond the estate, but were always made with immense energy, for some very trivial object. At first it was the cowslips, and then Reuben taught the boy the art of birds'-nesting, and the boy taught his mother; and so nothing would suit her but she must string eggs. However, as the summer went on, she got far less flighty. And the Secretary and his wife noticed the change in her letters, and were more easy about her.

The next winter passed in the same total seclusion as the last. Mr. Compton saw a little change for the worse in her towards the end of it. He now gathered from her conversation that she had somehow got the impression that George was gone away with Mrs. Nalder. He elicited this one day after that affectionate woman had, hearing for the first time Gerty was alone, come raging over to see her. Gerty told him that she thought it rather bold on the part of that brazen-faced creature to come and ring at the door in a brougham, and ask if she was dead, after taking away her husband from her. She did not seem angry or jealous in the least. Mr. Compton did not know, as we do, that

her suspicions of Mrs. Nalder were only the product of a weak brain in a morbid state: if he had, he would have been more disturbed. But, assuming the accusation to be true, he did not half like the quiet way in which she took it. "She will become silly, if she don't mind," he said.

The summer went on, and Gerty went on in the same manner as she had done in the last. It happened that on the 17th of August Mr. Compton went and stayed with her at Stanlake, and settled a little business, to which she seemed singularly inattentive. Nay, she seemed incapable of attention. She talked to him about a book she had taken a great fancy to, "White's History of Selborne," which Reuben had introduced to the boy, and the boy to his mother; indeed, all her new impressions now came through her boy. She told him about the migration of the swallows,—how that the swifts all went to a day, were all gone by the 20th of August. Some said they went south; but some said they took their young and went under water with them, to wait till the cold, cruel winter was over, and the sun shone out once more.

This conversation made Mr. Compton very anxious. He thought she was getting very flighty, and wondered how it would end. He thought her eye was unsettled. On the evening of the 21st of August the Stanlake butler came to him, called him out from dinner, and told him that her ladyship and the young gentleman had been missing for twenty-four hours.

To be continued.

MY FRIEND.

Two days ago with dancing glancing hair,
With living lips and eyes:
Now pale, dumb, blind, she lies;
So pale, yet still so fair.

We have not left her yet, not yet alone;
But soon must leave her where
She will not miss our care,
Bone of our bone.

Weep not; O friends, we should not weep:
Our friend of friends lies full of rest;
No sorrow rankles in her breast,
Fallen fast asleep.

She sleeps below,
She wakes and laughs above:
To-day, as she walked, let us walk in love;
To-morrow follow so.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE INFLUENCE OF AN HISTORICAL IDEA.

LORD STANLEY not many weeks ago delivered a speech far more remarkable than the majority of so-called parliamentary utterances. It was an essay upon modern politics, touching upon many topics which interest statesmen and thinkers. Among many striking passages, none deserved greater attention than that in which his Lordship described his feelings as to the Italian movement. He fully recognised the fact that the Italian people desired above every other object the possession of Rome. He wished them success in the attainment of their desires. He expressed genuine sympathy with the material benefits which flowed from the progress of Italian unity, and showed plainly enough that he was not inclined to offer any opposition to the schemes of Victor Emmanuel and his people. But Lord Stanley (and this is the point worth noting) did not care to conceal

that he could scarcely understand why it was that the Italian people should be prepared to run all risks in order to force their way into Rome. "If they like," was the tone of his remarks, "to pay an immense price for an old town with a venerable name, let the Italians pay their price and get their bargain; but to myself, as a calm and sensible looker-on, the bargain seems a bad one. Rome is not a good military position, and is never likely to be an important commercial city; it is certainly a little strange that a whole nation should incur the enmity of popes and emperors to get hold of a mass of old ruins."

It is no part of our purpose to discuss either the Roman question or the correctness of Lord Stanley's estimate of the worth of Rome to Italy. The tone of his criticisms, his frank avowal of inability to enter into the ideas which influence other nations, is that which is

worth at least a momentary notice. His manner of looking on this Italian question is, after all, the manner in which Englishmen, even when well educated, look on the schemes and aspirations of foreigners. They do not "understand" the ideas which influence other nations; and thus, even when, as in many cases, they sympathize with foreign movements, they give their sympathies on grounds very different from the feelings and principles which influence the men by whom these movements are guided. When the popular vote raised to supreme power in France a man whom all England held a hair-brained adventurer, the public were taken utterly by surprise, because, in spite of Béranger's popularity, and in spite of the circumstances attending Napoleon's funeral, not one Englishman in ten thousand had understood the hold which the idea of imperialism had obtained on the minds of the French peasant proprietors. Nor is it the views of Frenchmen alone which it is hard for England to understand. Read the remarks of any newspaper on the affairs of Greece or America, or of Germany, and you will see at once that the intelligent editor avows, and almost glories in, the belief that the sentiments which sway foreign nations are incomprehensible to men of common sense. There is no reason to suppose that Englishmen are exceptionally slow in appreciating the motives which influence people unlike themselves. Germans who avow the belief that Müller was executed because Lord Russell was outwitted by Prussia are at least as ignorant; and, if the nations of the Continent to a certain extent understand each other, this arises simply from the fact that Continental nations possess to some extent a common history. For what after all constitutes, not the sole cause, but certainly one main cause of the incapacity of one nation to comprehend the feelings of another is the little attention generally paid to the influence of the ideas produced by the long course of national history. Foreigners can hardly enter into the feel-

ings entertained by Englishmen, rightly or wrongly, towards their own aristocracy, whilst Englishmen cannot prevent themselves from attributing to the nobility of other lands the good and bad qualities of their own peerage. The Club of the Jacobins could as little see why English Liberals did not hate all aristocrats as English Whigs could understand why French peasants should burn their seigneur's château whilst country farmers felt no ill-will towards the Duke of Bedford. To explain this difference of feeling required a careful examination of the different courses taken by the history of France and England, and the different ideas and associations generated by historical differences. It is to the history of ideas and of institutions—which are, in fact, one thing from two points of view—that we must look for the solution of at least half the moral and political problems of the day. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we welcome a singularly able treatise on the growth and history of one great institution, which, though it has now passed away, has influenced, directly or indirectly, not only the course of events throughout Europe, but the ideas, moral, political, and social, which have swayed European history. In the Arnold Prize Essay for 1863, the full title of which we quote below,¹ Mr. Bryce has laid before the public, in a marvellously short space, and in a masterly manner, a history, not so much of the Holy Roman Empire itself, as of the ideas which the Empire embodied, and of the changing opinions and theories by which an institution which in later days seemed, and, indeed, was, a mere mass of anomalies, was kept alive.

The great historical fact learnt from even a cursory study of the annals of the Holy Roman Empire is the almost inextinguishable vitality of the impression made on the imaginations of man-

¹ Arnold Prize Essay, 1863:—*The Holy Roman Empire*. By James Bryce, B.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton; London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

kind by the power of Rome. As early, at least, as the days of Polybius the nations of antiquity had become impressed with the notion that Rome was destined to gather together what was then the whole world in one gigantic political system. Moreover, Polybius himself, and other theorists of his day, looked upon this system as destined to a long, if not an indefinite, endurance. What the instinct of mankind had foretold while Rome was yet a "free state" was actually accomplished when Roman freedom perished, and the great world-empire of Rome became so firmly established that men came to feel that the existence of an imperial system was, as it were, a law of nature. The coronation of Charlemagne, though it inaugurated an institution in many points unlike the rule of the Cæsars, was meant to be, and seemed to the men of his age, a simple return to the natural order of things—a restoration of the great Roman Empire. The idea of that empire could not die. In the very foundation of a new order of things historical students rightly see proof of the permanence of an ancient idea. The longing for the "nomen Imperatoris," and for the social order which it typified, may be said to be at the root of the strange eagerness with which generation after generation attempted to keep alive or to restore the Empire. Even to persons brought up under modern ideas, it is possible to look upon Charles the Great as in some sense the successor to the Cæsars. What, however, would have been impossible in modern ages is a second revival of the imperial power. That Otto the Great and his successors should look upon themselves as occupying the position of Cæsar and of Augustus is certainly a strange phenomenon "The Restoration," writes Mr. Bryce, "of the Empire by Charles may be accounted 'for by the width of his conquests, 'by the peculiar connexion which 'already subsisted between him and 'the Roman Church, by his commanding personal character, by the temporary vacancy of the Byzantine throne.

"The causes of its revival under Otto must be sought deeper. Making every allowance for favourable incidents, there must have been some further influence at work to draw him and his successors—Saxon and Frankish kings—so far from home in pursuit of a barren crown, to lead the Italians to accept the dominion of a stranger and a barbarian, and to make the Empire itself appear through the whole middle age, not what it seems now, a gorgeous anachronism, but an institution, divine and necessary, having its foundation in the very nature and order of things."

That the Roman Empire should rise, as it were, from the grave under Charles the Great; that it should be reasserted under Otto the Great, in a state of society more dissimilar than any other that has existed to the condition of society which first gave birth to the Empire—these are facts sufficiently strange to impress even the most careless observers with wonder at the vitality of historical ideas. Yet events long subsequent to the reign of Otto give the strongest of all proofs of the resolution of mankind not to let the name of the Empire die. It is, in fact, when the Empire is materially weakest that the strength of its hold on human imaginations is seen most strongly. When, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, Henry VII. entered Italy, he possessed less material power than many of the barons of Germany. He relied on one source of strength only—the strength of his prerogative; nor did he rely on it wholly in vain. "Crossing from his Burgundian dominions with a scanty following of knights, and ascending from the Cenis upon Turin, he found his prerogative higher in men's belief, after sixty years of neglect, than it had stood under the last Hohenstaufen. The cities of Lombardy opened their gates, Milan decreed a vast subsidy, Guelf and Ghibelin exiles alike were restored, imperial vicars were appointed everywhere, supported by the Avignonese Pontiff, who dreaded the restless

"ambition of his restless neighbour King Philip IV. Henry had the "interdict of the Church as well as "the ban of the Empire at his command." After all, his power was but the shadow of a great name.

We have pointed to three crises in the annals of the Empire as examples how, amidst all the changes of times and manners, a great institution preserved its life and its identity. For those curious in what may be called the external history of the Empire, Mr. Bryce has collected together a greater store of curious information than readers will with ease find in the pages of any other writer. But the great merit of his work, and that which gives it importance for our present purpose, lies in the skill and originality with which he traces out what may be termed the ideal history of the Empire. Ideas and institutions are, as we have before said, often almost the same thing from two different aspects. This is true of all institutions. The actual power of an English law court consists, to a great extent, in the power attributed to it through the popular ideas of the respect due to law. But what is true, in some degree, of all institutions, was true, in an infinitely greater degree, of the Holy Roman Empire. The actual, tangible material forces of the Empire were never so great as they were deemed. When turned against the free cities of Italy, they proved weaker than the resources of revolted burghers. In the height of its strength, as in the time of its weakness, the strength of the Holy Roman Empire lay in the awe with which it impressed the world. What then was the source of this awe? Mr. Bryce finds it to have depended on certain mediæval doctrines and theories which have now almost ceased to exert influence. The recollection and tradition of Roman power did much to impress upon mankind the notion that the natural state of humanity, and the only state under which civilization could flourish, was under the sway of one supreme emperor. This idea was, however,

strengthened and made almost a part of mediæval religion by the notion that the universality and the unity of the Church were bound up with the universality and the unity of the Empire; or, as Mr. Bryce again and again puts it, a universal Church and a universal Empire were but two aspects of the conception of the necessary unity of the whole society of Christians. National churches and national governments were equally opposed to the mediæval desire for unity. This very desire for unity is utterly foreign to modern feelings. For, though theologians have their conventional expressions, borrowed from the language of a past age, as to the desirability of external Christian unity, probably not one ordinary Englishman in ten thousand feels it a real distress that different churches use utterly different forms of worship. If by the increase of a penny income-tax it were possible to establish one liturgy, say throughout England and Scotland, Parliament would refuse to impose the additional penny. It is even difficult for us to conceive how any desire for unity could have blinded men for many centuries to the fact that the Holy Roman Empire, with all its theoretic pretensions, was in no true sense either a continuation of the rule of the Roman Caesars, or a bond of real political unity throughout Christendom. The difficulty is much lightened, if not entirely removed, by two considerations. The first is, that the men of the middle ages were ignorant of history to an extent hard for us to imagine. It was not only that they were ignorant of the facts of history, though their ignorance in this respect went very far—as may be seen by the curious fact that a general belief made the seven electors an original part of the imperial constitution, not two centuries after the electors obtained their powers. What was of much more consequence was the absence of what is now termed historical feeling. The Ancient History which men knew they knew wrong, transferring, in a way which at first sight seems almost irrational, mediæval ideas to the events

of Ancient History, and classical names to the institutions of the Middle Ages. If, on the one hand—as any one may learn who chooses to inspect the tapestries taken from the tent of Charles the Bold, and now stored up at Berne—medieval imagination pictured Caesar and his soldiers as armed after the fashion, and doubtless leading the life, of barons and their retainers, monkish chroniclers called a council of chiefs surrounded by a crowd of half-naked warriors the Senate and People of the Franks. The second consideration is, that, in an age when political principles which were as well known to the men of ancient Athens as they are to modern statesmen were all but entirely forgotten, the human mind attached an almost superstitious importance to forms. This tendency to formalism is seen in nothing more clearly than in the almost abject reverence paid to the *lex scripta*, and in the growth and power of legal fictions. Thus, while the form and name of the Roman Empire was preserved, mankind scarcely observed that all the real unity which that empire had once secured was rapidly vanishing away.

No reader will admit the force of these and other explanations of the sentiment of the middle ages who has not already learnt perhaps the most important and most neglected of the lessons that can be gained from the study of past times—the lesson, namely, that what may be called the fundamental conceptions of mankind change from age to age. Ordinary moralists, and ordinary historians, either directly deny or carelessly overlook this fact. Yet we do not believe that any person can carefully study the history of any great institution, or of any form of belief throughout the course of centuries, without arriving at conclusions which suggest great doubt as to the immutability of the belief in what sometimes appear to be self-evident truths. The “De Monarchia” of Dante is a defence of the Empire, and shows what were the arguments which influenced the greatest minds of his age. Mr. Bryce’s essay tells us what some of these arguments were :

—“Monarchy is first proved the true and rightful form of government. Men’s objects are best attained during universal peace. This is possible only under a monarch; and, as he is the image of the Divine unity, so man is through him made one, and brought most near to God. There must, in every system of forces, be a *primum mobile*; to be perfect, every organization must have a centre into which all is gathered, by which all is controlled.” After detailing some more abstract arguments of the same kind, Mr. Bryce proceeds : —“Abstract arguments are then confirmed from history. Since the world began there has been but one period of perfect peace—that, namely, which existed at our Lord’s birth, under the sceptre of Augustus. Since then the heathen have raged, and the kings of the earth have stood up together against the Lord and against his Anointed, that is the Roman Prince.” The virtues of Æneas, recorded by Virgil, the favour shown by God to Numa, and the deliverance of Rome from the Gauls and from the Carthaginians, are adduced in evidence of the Divine goodwill to Rome, and therefore to the Holy Roman Empire; whilst it is shown that Christ’s birth and death under Pilate gave the sanction of Heaven to the existence of the Empire, because Christian doctrine required that the Procurator should have been a lawful judge, which he was not unless Tiberius was a lawful emperor. We wish that space allowed us to give the whole of Mr. Bryce’s account of the “De Monarchia;” but the quotations already given sufficiently establish the fact that reasonings which satisfied Dante would to modern minds hardly seem to deserve the name of arguments. The publication of this famous treatise marks almost the last age of the world’s history in which men truly believed in the Holy Roman Empire. Mr. Bryce convincingly proves that the events which led to the Reformation, and at last the Reformation itself, destroyed the sentiments which supported the power of the Empire, and thus that, while the Holy

Roman Empire might, to outward appearance, seem more powerful than ever under Charles V., with him the time of the real imperial power passed away. The possession of powerful states gave authority to the nominal heads of the Holy Roman Empire, but the Holy Roman Empire itself ceased to be a power among men long before it was destroyed by Napoleon.

Readers curious to learn more on this subject will find in Mr. Bryce's admirable work a mass of facts collected by a writer who knows what it is to write history in a philosophic spirit. Mr. Bryce, like all men who write the histories of institutions, inevitably becomes an admirer of the institution of which he is the annalist. He points, and not without great force, to all that can be urged in favour of the Holy Roman Empire. We own, however, that he seems in our judgment greatly to underrate the evils which have been caused by its existence. There is, we think, no means of denying that the various attempts to re-invigorate or restore the Empire of Rome were not only certain to fail, but were grounded on a radical error. It may be granted that the foundation of the Empire of the Cæsars was on the whole a blessing to the mass of the human race; but it was so only because the Roman Republic had already destroyed all possibility of the existence of independent nations. It was a calamity, though probably an inevitable calamity, that when, after the barbaric invasions, Europe began gradually to split up into nations, human energy should be wasted in the attempt to compress European life within an imperial system which, could it have

been founded, would, in checking the growth of national differences, have made impossible the growth of modern civilization. Moreover, the Holy Roman Empire had the defect, that, even when strongest, it never was that which it wished to appear. If the Emperor styled himself "*Pacificus*," it may be doubted whether the Empire did not contribute more to the wars of Europe than did any other power; and, if some ideas of the equality of all Christians were kept alive by the fact that every Christian was theoretically eligible as emperor, it must be remembered that the weakness of the imperial system enabled the feudal nobility of Germany to become the petty tyrants of their country.

To the existence of the Empire Germany and Italy alike owe, in great part, the fact of their political weakness; and it is much to be feared that the evils caused by its existence have scarcely yet ended for these nations. The Germans, at least, seem as if they could not even now quite rid themselves of the notion that Germany has a right not only to her own freedom and unity, but to something like an imperial position. At a time when the mind of the whole people ought to be turned to the preservation of their own liberties, it is turned towards every scheme for extending the area of the German Confederation. "*Das Vaterland muss grösser seyn*" sums up the aspirations of the whole German people, and sounds in some sort like a last faint echo of ideas connected with the greatness of the great Roman Empire.